Horæ Succisivæ,

OR,

SPARE-HOVRES

of

Meditations;

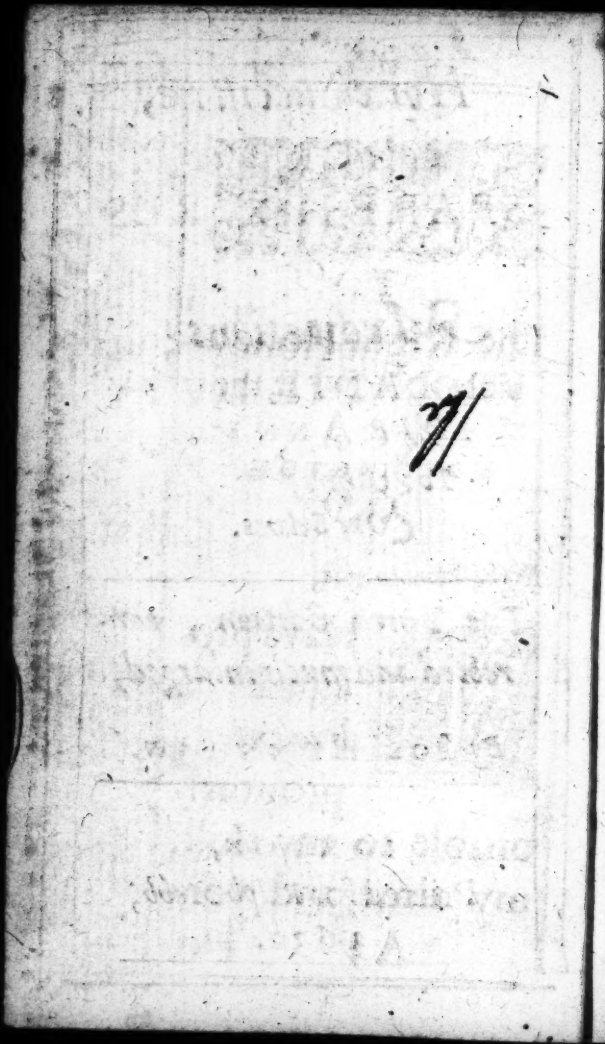
VPON OVR DVTY

To { GOD,
{ *Others,*
{ *Our Selves.*

The Third Edition, corrected and much inlarged,

By IOS. HENSHAW.

LONDON,
Printed for *Ralph Mabb,*
1632.



TO

The Right Honourable LADIE, the *LADIE* ANNE COTTINGTON.

(*.*)

Right Honourable,

I Have provided a *Present*, proportionable to my skill, my time, and your

Honors knowledge of me, ſhort: Your deſire many times to heare others writing out of my mouth, made me to put this of my owne into your hands; a rapſodie of reſolves and obſervations, ſome for contemplatiõ, others for caution, the firſt divine, the other morall, when you would loſe an houre from better & graver matters

matters, throw it away on these; wherin you have somewhat of God, of others, of our selves, what God is to us, what wee should bee to him, to others: ther cannot be much said of it, because there is but little said in it; in all which little I intend nothing to my selfe, but to others. The generall end of reading is to know,

but the end of divine reading is to good our knowledge, and if it doe good, I have my end, and my reward, whoſe office is to live, not to my ſelfe, but others, and am a ſervant to all by a common duty, but your Honors by eſpeciall relation.

to be commanded,

I. H.

Horæ Succisivæ,

OR SPARE-HOVRES *of* MEDITATIONS.

Make *God* the first and last of all thy actions: so begin that thou maist have him in the end, otherwise I doubt whether it had beene better that thou hadst not begun.

That we brought nothing into this world, is not more every where *knowne*, than it is of every one beleeved; but that wee ſhall carry nothing out of this world, is a ſentence better *knowne* than *truſted*, otherwiſe I thinke men would take more care to live *well*, than to dye *rich*.

Wealth is not the way to heaven, but the contrary; all my care ſhall bee how to *live well* and I am ſure I ſhall never *dye poore*.

Sleepe

Sleep is but deaths elder brother, and death is but a sleepe nicknam'd; why should I more feare to goe to my *grave* than to my *bed*, since both tend to my rest: when I lye downe to sleepe, I will thinke it my last, and when I rise againe, account my life not continued but restor'd.

Too much *labour* toyles the body, too much *booking*, the minde: I will deale for my *study* as for my *stomacke*, ever

ver rise with an appetite, lest if I once surfet, I ever loath it,

How hard it is for a man to forget his sinne, or remember his God, not to doe that evill which he should not, and not to leave undone that good which hee should doe, every man can tell by experience. I were no man, if I had no sinne, but if I am a Christian I must not delight in sinne; if I cannot *avoyd* some sinnes, yet I will *stand* in none.

To

To doe any thing to thinke to be talk'd of, is the vaineſt thing in the world; to give almes and aske who ſees, loſeth the prayſe and the reward: I may be ſeen to give, I will not give to be *ſeene*, that others are witneſſe to my piety is not my fault, nor my praiſe; I will never bee ſo ill a friend to my ſelfe to ſell heaven for vaine-glorie.

The obedience of good children proceeds not from feare, but love; it is a very bad nature will doe nothing without

blowes; to turne to our vomit as ſoone as God is turn'd from his rod, and aske who is the Lord till a new plague, is a ſtate I know not whether more to be feared or pitied: if I cannot avoyd correction, I will mend with it; not bee beaten twice for the ſame fault.

I know not which is worſe; the *bearer* of tales or the *receiver*, for the one makes the other: I will no leſſe hate to *tell* then to heare ſlaunders: If I cannot ſtop others mouthes

mouthes, I will ſtop my owne eares. The receiver is as bad as the thiefe.

With God a Publican goes beyond a Phariſie, a ſigh or a groane, that cannot bee uttered, beyond a long prayer with oſtentation: Care not how long: or how *lowd* thy prayer be, but how *hearty*.

Woman was firſt given to man for a helpe, ſince for a remedy, what ſhall we thinke of thoſe, that turne the remedy into a diſeaſe, and hold it in all caſes for ſome, and

in ſome caſes for all, not onely dangerous but damnable to marry; what is this but to teach God what Hee hath to doe? I have ever counted it ſafe and wiſe to leave that indifferent which God hath left ſo.

God cannot endure a Phariſee that ſaies and doth not: with His diſciples, ſaying and doing muſt not bee two mens offices; if thou canſt doe but little, promiſe the leſſe; ſo though thou maiſt bee thought niggardly, becauſe thou performeſt

formeſt ſo little, yet thou ſhalt be knowne juſt becauſe thou promiſed'ſt no more.

A good man would ſo be *honourable*, as hee may ſtill bee *honeſt*, not broker for preferment; if not worthy, let him want it, but if deſerving, why ſhould he buy his due? I will neither grow *great* by buying honour, nor *rich* by ſelling it.

In injuries it is better to take many, than give one, in benefits the contrary: I will requite the

firſt with bearing them, the ſecond with *requiting* them.

Evill communication corrupts good manners. *Peter* denied his maſter among the Iewes, whom he confeſſed among the Apoſtles: I may have a bad man of my familie, I will never have a bad familiar; or if at any time of my *court*, never of my *counſell*.

So live with men as conſidering alwaies that God ſees thee, ſo pray to God, as if every man heard

heard thee, doe nothing which thou wouldeſt not have God ſee done; deſire nothing which may either wrong thy profeſſion to *aske*, or Gods honour to *graunt*.

Every night is an Embleme of death, in this, that in both we reſt from our labours: I will labour to long for my reſt in heaven, and I ſhall never be loth to goe to bed to the earth, who would not deſire to dye that he might be with Chriſt?

It is good in proſpe-

rity, to make roome for adverſity, that however it come *unſent* for, it may not come *unlook'd* for; if it doe not come, wee are never the worſe, if it doe come we are the better provided; expectation, if it doe not hinder croſſes, yet it leſſens them.

Earthly things are like dreames, awake to nothing; like ſhadowes ſet with the ſun, wealth and honour will either leave us, or we them. I will labour onely for thoſe pleaſures which never ſhall

shall have an end, and be more delighted that I shall be happy, than that I *am* so.

'Tis a good Signe, when GOD chides us, that He loves us, nothing more *proves* us His than blowes, nothing sooner *makes* us His: God can love His children well, and not make wantons of them; if I suffer, it is that I may raigne. How profitable is that affliction, that carries me to heaven?

Suffering is the way

to glory, ſometime in this World: *Ioſeph* had never beene a Courtier, had hee not firſt beene a priſoner.

Gods children are ever the better for being miſerable, and end in that: It is good for mee, that I have been afflicted; let God uſe me how Hee will on *earth*, ſo I may have what Hee hath promiſed to thoſe that love Him in *heaven*; Who would not be a *Lazarus* for a day, that hee might ſit in *Abraham's boſome* for ever?

Gods

Gods Church must be a lillie among thorns, and while I am a member of the Church, I must not looke to fare better than the whole Body, if they have call'd the master of the house Beelzebub, well may it be endur'd to those of the household, my comfort is if I am reviled for His sake, I shall be blessed.

Prosperity is like *Vinum merum*, all wine; it makes drunke the soule, and therefore God mingles

gles it, that He may keep us ſober; feeds His children with a bit and a knocke, ever diſhes His ſweete meate with ſowre ſauſe: if wee *did alwaies abound* wee would grow proud, and forget our ſelves; and if not *ſometimes*, wee would deſpaire and forget our God: I will pray with *Salomon*, give me neither wealth nor poverty, but a meane; or if wealth, grace to imploy it, if poverty, patience to endure it.

Afflictions are the medicines of the minde, if

if they are not toothſome, let it ſuffice, they are wholeſome; 'tis not required in Phyſicke that it ſhould pleaſe, but heale, unleſſe we eſteeme our pleaſure above our health: let me ſuffer, ſo I may reigne, be beaten, ſo I may be a ſon. Nothing can be ever too much to endure for thoſe pleaſures which endure for ever.

There was never good but was hard to get: the priſon and the hatchet, ſores and crums leade to *Abraham's* boſome, and the way thither is by weeping-

weeping-crosse: if many tribulations will carry me to heaven, on Gods name let me have them; welcome the poverty, which makes me heire to those riches that never shall have an end.

I will deale for my soule, as for my body, never refuse health because the Phisicke that should procure it, is bitter; let it distast me, so it heale me.

There are in the world that thinke it too great sawcinesse to be our owne spokes-men to God and

and therefore goe to St Some body to preferre their petitions for them: I ſhall ever hold it good manners to goe of my owne errants to God, He that bids me Come will bid me welcome; God hath ſaid, Come unto me &c. It is no unmannerlineſſe to come when I am call'd.

All *conſciences* like all *ſtomacks* are not alike how many doe we ſee digeſt thoſe ſinnes with eaſe, which others cannot get downe with ſtruggling, one ſtraines at

at a gnat, when another swallowes a camell: hee that will keepe cleere of great sinnes, must make conscience of all. I will thinke no sinne little, because the least endangers my soule, and it is all one whether I sell my SAVIOVR for thirty pence, with *Iudas*, or for halfe I am worth, with *Ananias*; whether I goe to hell for one sin, or for many.

This life is but a journey unto death, and every day we are some spannes neerer the grave; how is it that wee which are so neere

neere our death, are so farre from thinking of it? Security is a great enemy to prevention, and a presumption that wee shall not dye *yet*, makes men that they doe not prepare to dye *at all*: it is good taking time while time is; if it come suddenly and find thee unprepared, miserable man that thou art, who shall deliver thee from the body, &c?

Therefore hath Nature given us two eares and but one mouth, that we should heare twice as much as wee should speake:

ſpeake: with all thy ſecrets truſt neither thy *wife* nor thy *friend*, hee that is thriftie of his owne tongue ſhall leſſe feare anothers.

There are that affect not ſo much to have true friends as to have *many*, and whiſper to that friend what they heare from this, and againe, to this, what from that: and glory to have it knowne, how much they are truſted, whereas they were therefore truſted that it might not be knowne: I have ever thought

thought it a maxime in friendſhip, that he which will bee intimate with *many*, is entirely *nones*; let me loye and be lov'd of all, I will bee inward onely with a few: I had rather have one meane friend that I may call my *owne*, than the moſt potent where I muſt ſhare with *others*.

He that provides not for his owne is worſe than an infidell; 'tis not the blame of charity that it begins at *home*, it is that it ends not *abroad*: I am not borne all to my ſelfe

ſelfe, ſomewhat to my friend, to my neighbour. I will ſo care for my *owne*, as I may relieve *others*, and ſo doe for *others*, as I wrong not my *owne*.

Much *knowledge* not much *ſpeech*, Emblem's a wiſe man. I ſhall ever hold it neither ſafe nor wiſe, alwaies to ſpeake what I *know* of my owne affaires, nor what I *thinke* of others; a man may ſpeake too much truth.

Pleaſures

Pleaſures like the Roſe are ſweet but prickly, the hony doth not countervaile the ſting, all this worlds delights are vanity, and end in vexation; like *Iudas* while they kiſſe, they betray. I would neither be a *Stoick* nor an Epicure, allow of no pleaſure, nor give way to all: they are good ſauſe, but naught to make a meale of, and were given not to fill the belly, but to reliſh the meate: I may uſe them ſometimes for digeſtion, never for food.

In

In crosses these two things must be thought on; first *whence* they come, from God, Hee strikes thee that made thee, next *wherefore* they come, for thy good either to try thee or to mend thee, if they bee harsh, yet they be gainfull: I shall ever count it a good change, to have the *fire* of persecution for the *fire* of hell, who would not rather smart for a while then for ever: let me rather have that *fire* which is rewarded with heaven, than these *pleasures* which shall be rewarded

rewarded with *fire*.

Salomon's, Rejoyce oh young man in the dayes of thy youth, were the fineſt thing in the world if it were not for that which follows, for all this thou ſhall come to judgement; to goe well, lye ſoft, ſleepe hard, if there were noe after reckoning, who would not ſay out of delight what the Apoſtles did out of amazement, It is *good for us to be here*; but when I have a ſtewardſhip to account for, and God knowes how

how ſoone, my maſter returning and my talent to ſeek; the Bridegroome entering and my oyle to buy, I have more reaſon to care how to *redeeme* my time paſt, than to *ſpend* the preſent.

To grow heavy or lumpiſh with croſſes, argues not ſo much want of courage, as grace: nothing more ſoyles the reputation of a Chriſtian, than to have his minde droope with his Mammon; what if health, friends, meanes, have all forſooke thee, wilt thou loſe

lose thy wittes together with thy goods: all the afflictions in this world, cannot answer the joyes of that other. I will never care whose these pleasures *I see* be, while those *I doe not see* are mine, and the fountaine of pleasures whom I shall one day *see*, as I am *seene*, shall be mine.

Let another praise thee and not thine owne mouth; either we are far from neighbours or ill beloved among them, when wee are faine to be our owne trompet, and blow

blaze our selves: the *Iews*, not the *Centurion*, say, He loved our Nation and hath, &c. It is both honorable and humble to heare of our praises, and tell of our unworthinesse.

Many a little make a mickle, every day a mite will encrease our store; I wil be ever adding to my heape of knowledge, of faith, &c. That when the Master returnes I may be able to say, behold *Lord*, thy two Talents have gained other two.

The building of the soule, like that of the world

world, is not done in a day; grace like *Ezekiel's* waters, is first to the ancles, then to the knees, &c. In vaine doth any thinke to bee perfect at once, in an instant; well is it for us, if after many lessons learnd, and heard in CHRIST's Schoole, wee get past the spoone, and with some yeares of teares and prayers come to a stature, a growth; and with clambering and paines, like *Zacheus*, get to see *Christ*. Little was when it was said to the Apostles, *Oh yee of little faith*; and

hee was once afraid to confesse CHRIST, that was not afterward afraid to die for him: like Bees, while we are here, we are ever gathering, in His good time wee shall bee perfect, in the meane time LORD suffer us not to bee tempted above that we are able.

God is that to the soule which the Sunne is to the world, *light* and *heat*, and with them comforts and stores it: he that hath *God* hath every thing; *God* alone is a world of friends against millions of enemies:

mies : then will I thinke my selfe poore, miserable, distressed, *left*, when He *leaves* me.

Every thing almost we see, borrowes its nature from its soile ; thus the body and temper of men differ with the aire ; and the soule like the body, commonly savours something of the company it keepes, and we grow familiar with their sinnes, together with their persons ; at first winke at them, then imitate them, then defend them. I will not bee more scrupulous

in the choyce of any thing than of this: hee can hardly have a *good* soule, that hath a *bad* companion.

Sinne at first is modest, and goes disguised with *Saul* to *Endor*, that after a while growes impudent, and dares looke bare-fac'd on the world: first perswades to civill recreations, thence bids to unlawfull delights. Hee that will prevent the *growth* of sinne, must resist the *beginning*; the remedy is thought of too late, where the disease is past

past cure; 'tis easier preventing a sickenesse, than recovering it.

Custome as it lessens favours, so it lessens sins, else the same sinne would still be monstrous, which in time is not taken notice of.

Goodnesse is not the gift of all but some, but perseverance onely of a few; how many like *Ezekiahs* sun have gone backward, and forsaken their first love? How many have we seene, that with

Caiaphas, would have rent their cloaths at the name of blasphemie, have afterward sworne by the life of *Pharaoh*: what we *are*, is no argument for what we *will be*; every man knows his beginning, not his end; what hee is, not what he shall be; for him that thinketh he stands, take heed lest he fall.

When I take a serious view of my selfe, and see (besides inward discontents) so many outward enemies of quietnesse every where, every minute; want, sicknesse, dangers,

gers, losse of friends, of health, of life, threatning if not pursuing me: and to these my spirituall enemies so strong, my corruptions so many, my infirmities so continuall, and my selfe so overmatched with all these: with *Peter* I beginne to sinke, and I could wish I had not beene, since I must be miserable, but when I looke up to heaven, and those joyes I am going to, I would not be lesse miserable to be so happie. GOD is my Father, the Angels are my fellowes, Heaven is my

Inheritance; now if my inheritance be in heaven, why is not my desire there? Where our treasure is, there will our heart be also, where our treasure and our heart is, there shall we be one day: who would exchange his future happinesse for a present?

Contentation is a blessing, not wealth; true riches consist not so in having much, as in not desiring more: why then doe wee so labour to *abound*, and not rather to be *content*? If I have but a little

little, my account is the leſſe; if I have much, and doe not more good, I ſhall adde to my condemnation, together with my ſtore: I will ever ſtudie rather to uſe my little well, than to encreaſe it.

I will not care to bee rich, but to be good; this onely is that treaſure, that never ſhall have an end: let mee be rich in goodneſſe, and I cannot complaine of poverty: he onely is poore whom GOD hates.

To ſpeake little, is a note of a wiſe man, to ſpeake well of a good man: goodneſſe is not ſeene in the length or brevity of our ſpeech, but in the matter, the ſtreames of the tongue runs from the current of the heart, and are like the fountaine; it is a ſigne we have *little goodneſſe in us*, when there comes *little out* of us: if GOD were more in our hearts, He would be often in our mouthes, and with more reverence. Though I will never affect to *ſpeake* of my goodneſſe,

neſſe, yet I will ſhew it in my *ſpeech*.

He that will be a Criticke of others actions, had need look well to his owne: 'tis a foule ſhame to have that found in our ſelves, which we would take upon us to mend in others: in this I will ever follow my *Saviours* rule, firſt get out mine owne beame, and I ſhall ſee better to helpe my brother out with his mote.

Injuries, if they dye not, they kill: Here onely a CHRISTIAN muſt

must learne to forget: for if wee forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our Father, &c. In this case my care shall be onely how to put them up, and leave vengeance to whom it belongs, *God* is ever his Iudge, that is not his owne.

The malicious man is so much no mans foe as his owne; for while he is out of charitie with others, GOD is so with him; if he lov'd himselfe, hee would not hate his brother. I will love all men for His sake that made

made them: but the Christian, because he is GOD's sonne, I will love doubly, for his owne sake, for his Fathers sake.

GOD lookes not at what we have beene, but what we are: it is no commendation to have beene an Israelite. That we once did well, addes to our condemnation together with our sinne; and if the righteous man forsake his righteousnesse, his reward is lost: our former goodnesse will not excuse our present evill, the end crownes us: what

what ever my beginning hath beene, I ſhall ever pray and endevour that I may dye the death of the righteous; and my latter end may be like unto his, for as the tree *falls*, ſo it *lyes*.

Man till hee ſinned was naked and was not aſhamed; clothes are not more our *covering* than our *ſhame*, and wee may juſtly bluſh every time wee looke on them, not bragge: the beſt ornament of the body, is the minde, and the beſt ornament of the minde, is honeſty:

honesty: that best *becomes*, which best *beseems*, not that which is most us'd, but most decent. I will neither looke what others doe, nor what I may doe, but what I ought to doe, many things are lawfull which are not expedient.

To doe well and say nothing is Christianly, to say well and doe nothing is Pharisaicall; if the hands bee not *Iacobs* as well as the voice, wee are but impostors, cheats: If we are good trees, by our

our fruit they shall know us. I will not lesse hate not *to doe* good, than *to tell* of it: my faith is dead if it beare not.

Eating was the first sinne in the world, and it is now the sinne almost of all the world; and as before the building of *Babel* so still in this, all the Earth is of one language, what shall we eat, or what shall we drinke, and wherewith, &c. Eating and Drinking have taken away our stomacks to spirituall things: I will never be so greedie as to eat

eat my ſelfe out of heaven: He loves his belly well, that with *Eſau* will ſell his Birth-right for pottage: of the two, I had rather beg my *bread* with *Lazarus*, than my *water* with *Dives*.

Great mens Words are like dead mens ſhoos, hee may goe bare-foot that waits for them: I will ever bee a *Didymus* in theſe, beleeve onely what I ſee, ſo I ſhall neither be deceived with others promiſes my *ſelfe*, nor deceive *others* with them.

The

The good mans word is his Oath, his actions serve only to make good his words: He that promises either what he cannot, or what hee meanes not: is for the first a *Boaster*, and for the last an *Hypocrite*; by such an one, I will bee deceived but once.

Dissimulation is state-policie, and wise men set out themselves as *Aristotle* did his bookes, not to bee understood at first sight. He that alwayes speakes what hee *knowes*, is

is not wise, but hee that doth not alwayes speake what hee *meanes*, is not honest. As I will not have my heart at my tongues end, yet I will have my tongue speake from my heart, it is not necessary I must be *dishonest*, or a *foole*.

Commonly your open eares are open mouth'd, and they that are craving to heare, are apt to tell: I will neither *define* to *know* much of another mans estate, nor *impart* much of my own; never any man repented him

him of saying nothing.

A Parasite of all Trades is the baleſt, and in two things like an Eccho, firſt, that he ſpeakes only what he heares others, and that he is nothing but voice, words: next to an *ungratefull* man, I would not be a *flatterer*.

Sinnes grow like Grapes cloſe, but in cluſters: Wee uſually ſay, He that will ſweare, will lye, and he that will lye will ſteale, and hee that will doe all theſe, will doe any thing. Sata

is a Serpent, if the head bee once in, his whole bodie will not bee long behinde.

It is better to goe into the House of mourning, than into the House of laughter, &c. Hee is worse than madde, that with *Herod* will part with a kingdome for a dance. Hee takes little thought for his sinnes, that thinkes to put them out of his head, as *Cain* and *Saul* did with Musicke: Hee that truly considers those joyes which never shall have an end, cannot but

but desire to have an end of these: Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.

Gods promises doe not binde Him to keep us in our wickednesse, our sinnes quit Him of His *promise*, and us of His *protection*, when wee leave to be of His *Family*, wee are none of His *Charge*, His Friendship keepes pace with ours. If thou doest well, shalt thou not bee accepted? (saies Hee to *Cain*) doe well, and have well, such as wee behave our selves to-

towards God, ſuch ſhall wee finde God towards us; now if we doe ſmart, thanke our ſelves.

Wee have too many that have a double heart in one body, but very few that have but one heart to two bodies, yet ſo is it with friends, the one cannot laugh when the other weeps; one friend is the looking-glaſſe of the other, where face anſwers face; when the one ſmiles the other ſmiles; when the one is ſad, the other is troubled, there is no Amity where there is

Sympathy; If I doe not suffer in my SAVIOVR, I doe not love Him. Can the Head be sicke and the Body not feele it?

There is a time to laugh as wel as a time to mourne, we are not deni'd the use of mirth, but the excesse, it is not forbidden Fruit. Hee who gave Oyle to cheere the countenance, gave Wine also to glad the heart: And I will not say, whether *Salomons* draught be not sometimes in season: Drinke, that thou maiest forget thy poverty; yet so

ſo as thou remember thy God. God never intended religion ſhould make men Stoicks, as if to mew up our ſelves from the World, were to ſingle out our ſelves to God: And becauſe he hath forbid the abuſe of things, not to uſe them; thus we ſhould abſtaine from drink, becauſe ſome men have beene drunke: If that which is one mans meate proove another mans poyſon, the fault is not in the meate, but in the ſtomacke. If they be ſo eaſily abus'd, the more our thankes, our prayſe,

if wee doe not abuſe them, wee ſhall be commended for our temperance; wee cannot for our want of them; God makes us but to uſe them as wee ſhould, and wee cannot have too much of them.

Where ſhould Joy be but in the Fountaine of Joy, or how doe wee partake of that Fountaine and rejoyce not: that Joy muſt beginne to fill here that will bee full heareafter. Hee ſhall never ſing *Haleluiah's*, that doth not firſt ſing *Hoſan-*

nah's,

na's: Hee is no found Christian that is not taken with the glory hee shall have, and rejoyce in this, that his name is written in the Booke of Life.

God ever helpes at a pinch, when all helpes faile, then is he seen; whē *Iacob* wants at home, then *Ioseph* is heard of abroad; and when the Prodigall wants abroad, then God makes him thinke of home: What if he will not deliver *Ionah* from the Tempest, yet Hee will from the Whale.

If the danger bee great, His Glory ſhall bee the more; never deſpaire then thou drooping ſoule why art thou caſt down, why art thou ſo diſquieted,&c? The goodneſſe of thy God endureth yet daily.

The Contention of *Chriſts* time is the contention of all the world, who ſhal be the greateſt, and moſt men envy to be out-gone in any thing, even by thoſe they love beſt: If *Ioſeph* be his Fathers darling, hee is his Brethrens eye-ſore: and

I doubt me whether *Davids* brothers were more glad that *Goliath* was slayne, or angry that by their brother: bad natures whom they cannot reach by imitation, they will by detraction: Hee casteth out Devills through Beelzebub, was the Pharisees of Christ: it argues very little goodnesse in us, when we malice it in others; none but a *Cain* (that ever I read of) will envy, because his workes are evill, and his brothers good; they are desperately wicked that love not the lookes

of godlineſſe.

It is a hard matter for a man to know much or have much and know himſelfe, and whence he hath it, if we would think worſe of our ſelves, wee ſhould be better thought of, but now our ſelf-conceitednesſe breakes our necke.

Moſt men are Phariſees in this, Love the uppermoſt ſeats, all would be ſons of *Anak*, if their bodies did but ſwel with their mindes: the care of the moſt is to live honorable

rable not well, their reputation is more car'd for than their God, *Occidat modò regnet*: With that Mother of *Nero*, Let them be damn'd so they may bee dub'd: what is this but to exchange a heavenly kingdome for an earthly: he that will be great upon any terms shall one day repent that he hath beene happy too soone.

My Friends faults as mine owne, where I see, I will remedie: I may (happily) hide or excuse them to others, never to

himselfe, this were to kill him with kindnesse, and left I should lose a friend, lose a soule: I am guilty of the losse of that soule I might save and doe not.

Some Friends there are, such as *Ionadab* to *Ammon*, Pandors to their wickednesse: Brethren they are, but in iniquitie; Hee shall be no friend to me, that is a friend to my faults: and I am no friend to my selfe, if I think him my enemy that tells mee of them; one day, if not now, I shal heare of them

to

to my coſt: Men may, God will not winke at ſmall faults.

There is a friend to himſelfe, as *Nabal*, and his charity beginnes at home, and there it ends; neare is his coat, but neerer is his skinne; againe, there is a friend for gain, by *Diana* wee live, hee ſhall be their friend that they can live by: So, ſome love CHRIST, becauſe they feare Him, He can deſtroy both ſoul and body in, &c. Others, becauſe they need him, but if we be true friends,

though

though there were none of these wee would love Him.

Friend of all compellations is the dearest, the sweetest, and as one of ingratitude, *si ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris*; So may I of friendship, call him friend, and you have said all, another selfe, or rather the same self multiplied; skinne for skinne, and all that a man hath will he give for his life, and yet a mans life will he give for his *friend*; if our love will not follow CHRIST through fire and

and water, wee are but counterfeits.

Therefore did not God at first make *many women* and but *one man*, or *many men*, and but *one woman*, that every man should not know there were more than one woman in the World; nor any woman more than one man, they that *know more*, shall not be *known*; CHRIST shall say, *Depart from me, &c. I know you not.*

I see many marriages in the World and never a good one, one to his *horns* with

with the *foole*; another to his *board*, with the *glutton*; one to his *cups*, another to his *coffers*: onely those marriages are blessed from heaven, that are made in heaven; they are ill holp up, that are married to one another, and not married to *Christ*.

Beauty is as it hits, if the *heart* doe not answer the *face*, it were better missed; it will prove a *snare*, which was an *ornament*: the more any have of this, the more cause they have to pray, *Lead us not into temptation*.

Earth

Earth is a place of *penance*, and *small drinke* and *Camells haire* doth well; 'tis a place of toile and labour, and men goe not to worke in their *best clothes*: Men should doe well then to prancke up their insides a little better, and let the body shift: I never heard any man found fault with for his ragges, I heare it upbraided to one, that hee went in *purple*.

It is not our meanes, but our sinnes that shuts us out from God; I will be

bee asham'd of nothing but my sinnes, and proud of nothing but that I am a Christian.

I will never care what I am in mens eyes, but in Gods; Beautie, Wealth, Honour, may make us accepted of men, but 'tis onely a broken heart can doe the deed with God: never any man came to Heaven for his good lookes.

Hee is not a Jew that is so outwardly, then had not *Hierusalem* fallen: nor hee an Apostle, that

doth

doth so professe it, then had not *Iudas* been a cast away: The washing of the out-side cleane, will not quitt us of being Phrisees; The Kings Daughter is all glorious within: if wee be good Christians, we are best at core.

The good man ever sets God betweene him and harmes; and sayes, *The Lord is on my side, &c.* He is no good Christian, that thinkes hee can bee safe without him, or not safe with him.

Never

Never any man was a loſer by his God, or left in a danger, and ſtood to Him: *Lazarus* may *ſtinke* in his grave, but he ſhall not bee ſeene *rot* there; neither the *dungeon* nor the *denne* can ſhut us from his *providence*, His *care*: *Elias Ravens* ſhall ſerve him in his meate; and *Daniels Lyons*, ſince they cannot *feede* him, ſhall *faſt* with him, and rather *ſtarve* than *eate a Saint*: what cannot *God* doe where He will? what will Hee not doe, where He loves? Oh *God*, they doe

doe not *know* thee that *distrust* thee.

To give with hope to *receive*, is to *lend*, and not to give: or rather to *put to use*, and not to *lend*: I will give where I cannot be *requited*, so shall my *reward* be in *Heaven*.

Charity is of that which a man hath, and not of that a man hath not: If the purse will not reach to a *Sepulcher* with that Counseller of *Arimathea*, yet a pound or two of *spice* would bee seene: If *Silver* and *Gold* thou hast none,

none, yet such as thou hast, a *Mite* would bee spared: Something, hath some savour: Obedience is as well seene in a little as in much, and if he which gives a *cup* of cold water shall not lose his *reward*: I can never bee so *poore* to want this. Where the *cruse* & *meale* is *low*, 'tis not look'd that the *Cake* should be *bigge*.

As wee must use this World, so we must love it, as if we lov'd it not: God would have earthly things look'd at and affected with all temperance

rance; Wee may not bee peremptory in our desire of them. But as our SAVIOVR of his cup, *Father if it be thy will, and yet not thy will but thy will. Beggers* must not be *choosers*: *Religion* will teach us, in *modestie*, to submit to him, and thinke that our best, which *God* thinkes so.

Seneca, a *heathen*, but a *Philosopher*, could say, hee was better borne, than to bee a *slave* to his *body*, and they are no better that are continuall factors for it: Every man layes

layes up for a *hard winter* and a *Rainie-day*: I will lay up for that day which I am sure *will come*, and am not sure *how soone* it will come.

The bare desiring of earthly things, is not unlawfull; Hee who first taught us to *pray*, allow'd us this in; *Give us this day our dayly Bread*; 'tis the *excesse*, either in *using*, or in *caring* for them, makes them ill to us, that are not so in themselves: I will so *desire* these as I may bee the better

better for *enjoying* them; and so *imploy* them, as I may have *little to account* for them; Why should I *abound* to my *cost?*

Teares are a second *Baptisme* of the *soule*; where it is rinced anew, as the sinnes of the *old* world, so *of this little world*, neede a *deluge*. There is but one sorrow never to be repented of, the sorrow of repentance: onely these teares goe into *Gods bottle*, and thus blessed are they that mourne.

Others

Others eyes are *Sermons* unto mine; when I see a *Peter* weeping for his denyall, it puts mee in minde of mine: why should I weepe for the losse of my friends, or of my health, or of my state, and not of my soule.

There are two kindes of teares; of *joy*, and of *griefe*: and two causes of these kindes: *Heaven* and our *Sinnes*; the one of *affection*, the other of *remorse*; the one for what we *have done*, the other for

for what we would have, these two shall vie teares in mine eyes, to be *forgiven* and to be *dissolved*.

This World is a *stage*, the play is a *tragi-comedy* of the life and death of man; *every man playes his part* and *exit*: and it may be he that hath liv'd a *begger*, would not exchange with the KING when he comes to *dye*; for then he is rewarded, not according to what he hath *been*, but what hee hath *done*. I wil not greatly care, what *part* I play, but to *doe* it well.

Home is home, be it never so homely, sayes the Proverbe: Men goe forth to labour, and come home to take their ease; this world is our worke-house, and Heaven is our home, why am I loth to goe to my rest?

This world is the valley of teares, and we may sooner want them, than cause to shed them: I will bee content to sow in teares, that I may reape in joy.

I reade of *Augustus*, when ever hee heard of any that dyed suddenly, hee wish'd him and his friends the like * happinesse; he shall not choose for me: Let him and his brother-heathens, pray for their fooles paradise. Our Church hath learn'd us a better Language, *From sudden Deeth good Lord deliver us.* I lever thought it not a little blessing to dye by degrees. In this case the *farthest* way about is the *nearest* way home.

* εὐθανασίαν, similem.

Meethinkes it is but

th'other day I came into the world, and *anon* I am *leaving* it: How time runs away, and we meet with Death alway, e're wee have time to thinke our selves alive: One doth but *breake-fast* here, another *dine*, hee that lives longest doth but *suppe*: We must all *goe to bed* in another World. I will so live *every day*, as if I should live *no more*: 'tis more than I know, if I shall.

All goe to the *same home*, but all goe not the *same way*; one falls by the

the hand of a brother, another by the fall of a house, &c. Againe all goe to the same home, but all goe not the same pace, one dyes in his cradle another on his crutches, to some their life is a prey, to others a burthen: *Iob* and *Ionah* are weary of living, and *Lot* and *Hezekiah* would live longer: as for the way, I shall ever pray God that I may take my last sleepe in a whole skinne; but for the pace, *Come LORD IESVS, come quickly.*

Death was given for punishment of sinne, but is the end of it; when we lost *Paradise*, we met with this, and againe when we part with this wee meet our *Paradise*: they that know whither they are going, cannot but wish themselves gone; and say with our *Saviour*, but in another sense, *Arise, let us goe hence*.

Through how many dyings doe wee come to our Death? And how many deaths may wee come to? Infinite are our

our waies out of this life, than there but one way into it. Our life is compos'd of nothing but deaths: for that wee may live, other creatures die; again, our child-hood dyes and is forgotten when we are growne up: Our youth dyes when wee are men: Our man-hood dies when wee are aged; at last Our age dyes and all dyes, and wee dye with it: every day dyes at night; now if my life consist of *dayes*, what doe I else but dye *daily*?

Favour is a thing to esteeme, but not to build on; hee that stands upon others leggs knowes not how soone they may faile him: Greatnesse is not eternall. I will never leane so hard upon any man, that if he breake he shall give me a fall.

The things of this world are in a manner but apparitions, nor so indeed: all our Pompe is but like the strowing of Boughes before our *Saviour*, taken up againe straite, our provision here is like that of the *Gibeonites*,

nites, apt to moulder, open to the theefe, and the moath, to be corrupted, and ſtole, wee have waters, but like thoſe of *Marah*, bitter; we have riches, but we have croſſes; ſweete meate but ſowre ſauce: they make a fair ſhew but they laſt not, I may ſay of them, what my *Saviour* did of *Iſrael*, *their goodneſſe is but as a cloude, &c.* I will uſe this *world*, but I will bee in love with that better onely; why ſhould I delight to be miſerable?

This world is a region of *Ghosts*, or of dying men, if not dead; our life is but one continued ſickneſſe, and we are ever in a conſumption, waſting: wee now accompany thoſe to the grave, whom ſhortly wee muſt keepe company with in the Grave. Every man muſt have his turne, and GOD knowes whoſe turne is next; it may bee *thine*, it may bee *mine*, and *mine* before *thine*, GOD knowes; thou haſt more *yeares*, (it may be) and therefore as thou thinkeſt,

keſt, ſome ſtrides before; I am no leſſe ſubject to *diſeaſes*, and therefore no whit behinde; theſe threaten no leſſe to mee, than age doth to others: Every ache, every ſtitch *tolles* the *bell* in mine eares, for ſome have dyed of theſe; but every ſtrong ſickneſſe *digs* the *grave*, and ſayes ſervice over mee, and cries, *Duſt to duſt*, &c. Since there is a time to dye, and I know not the time, I will provide for it at all times: *Bleſſed is that ſervant whom when the Maſter comes he ſhall finde watching.*

No man thinkes hee shall live *ever*, yet most men thinke they shall not dye *yet*; otherwise, they would dye *better*, and more care for the heaven they shall have, than the earth they must part with; this world will not last alwaies.

Our life is but a day, it is now noone: who knowes how soone it shal be night? I have a great way to goe, and but a little to spend (a little time I meane) my care shall be to make it hold out.

As we doe not gather, so

so wee doe not looke for grapes on thornes, or figgs on thistles: such as the seed is, such will the fruit bee, and such as the fruite is, so will the Harvest be, and one day (if not now) God will reward every man according to his workes, and ill shall be ill requited.

Sinne and punishment are like the *shaddow* and the *body*, never apart, like *Iacob* and *Esau*, they follow one at the heeles of another. Never sinne went unpunished, the end of all sinne

if

if it be not repentance, is hell; if I cannot have the first, to be innocent, I wil labour for the second, to repent; next to the not *committing* of a fault, is the *being sorry* for it.

That which we usually say of men, is sometimes true of *Christians*, foule in the cradle, and faire in the saddle; an unhappie boy may make a good man; he that should have seene *Saul killing*, would little have thought ever to have heard him preaching; we may not judge of the future by the present.

He

He runs farre that never turnes. 'Tis not with *God*, as with men, to say I will *forgive* it, but I will ne're *forget* it; with Him sins *repented of* are as not done, as a broken bone well set is the faster ever after. *God* lookes not at what we have beene, but what we are. Repentance makes us friends with *God*, re-intailes us in the inheritance, and by I know not what strange *heavenly slight of hand, doth what you would have it.* If we would but downe on our knees and aske forgivenesse all should be forgotten.

Our

Our life is but a walke, wee come hither but to take a turne or two, and away; and all our life we are going to our home, and we doe not live but travaile. Some gallop it over, others goe a foot pace: The poore man curseth the houre hee was *borne* while he *lives*, because he goes no *faster*; the rich worldling curseth the houre hee was *borne*, when he comes to *dye*, because he can live no *longer*: it is alike ungodly to bee *loth* to dye because we are happy, &

to

to *desire* to dye, because we are miserable; I have ill learned *Christ*, if I have not learn'd to be content.

Humility is good to all, best to it selfe; I doe not heare it said hee that boasteth of his good workes, but he that confesseth his sinnes shall finde mercy: the *Publican* not the *Pharisie* goes away justified. *God* never thinkes well of him that thinks so of himselfe and what he doth: they that *scorne* to bee humbled, cannot complaine to be *scorned*.

All

All men would come to heaven, but they dot not like the way they like well of *Lazarus* in *Abraham's bosome*, but not at *Dives doore*, they love heaven well, but they would not pinch for it: silly wretch, all the wealth in the world cannot buy thee into heaven, or out of thy punishment, and this thy glory shall adde to thy torment, that thou art now so *well*, shall one day be the *worse* for thee. I had rather *wait* for my happinesse, than *smart* for it.

God

God preacheth to us no leſſe in His judgements than His word; when He ſtrikes offenders, Hee would warne the ſtanders by, and beats ſome upon others backes; when I ſee another ſhipwrack'd before mine eies, it bids me look well to my tacklings. Every man ſees himſelfe fall in his neighbour: Others harmes threaten me and ſay with the *Apoſtle*, *What makes thee to differ from another?* where the ſinnes are the ſame, *Oh God*, it is thy mercy that thy judgements are not.

'Tis

'Tis not an easie matter for men to beleeve that which they know; whatever they doe whereever they are, they are seene: but because GOD is invisible, they thinke *they* are so too, and hee *sees not* because hee is *not seene*: GOD is inclusively in no place, and yet hee is in every place, and heares and sees what is said and done; if we did but consider this, wee would neither doe nor speake what wee would not have seene and heard: Consideration

on

on would tye mens hands, and if they did but deliberat, they would not sinne.

It is no lesse sinne to bee over earnest in *purveying* for the Body, than over prodigall in *pampering* it: as well Saint *Lukes* foole as his glutton; *Nabal* as well as *Balthazar* is condemn'd of folly: and I heare *Israel* chid not for *eating*, but for *laying up* their *Manna*. Make not hast to bee rich, and make not waste of thy riches. I will

will neither *feare* poverty, nor *seeke* it.

Our Eye extends but to the out-side, the skin, the righteousnesse of the *Scribes* and *Pharisies* will quit any of the censure of men. Hee that fasts, prayes, gives, goes for current among us, I may not think him otherwise in his *heart*, that is not so in his *behaviour*, with us every man goes for what he seemes, wee dare not pronounce any man a *Leper* till we see the scabbe. It was the evidence our SAVIOVR left us, by

liv[illegible] thei

their fruit you shall know them. *Hypocrites* while they keepe their owne counsell, doe not onely *grow* among the wheat, but *goe* for wheat. None but *God*, or a *Prophet*, *God in a Prophet*, could give *Gehezi* the lye, and see his sinne through his demureneſſe; only He who knowes all things, knows who are His, and shal one day gather the wheat into His barne, but shall burne up the chaffe with unquenchable fire.

To

To how many, under God, doe wee owe our selves for being: to the sheepe, the silke-worme, for food, rayment; when wee are at our finest, wee are but like *Æsop's Crow* in stollen feathers, and if every creature should claime his owne, wee must be glad of fig-leaves againe, or ashamed of our nakednesse: Why are wee more proud of our *embroyderies*, than our Grandsires were of their *Aprons*? Since both are but borrowed; and what hast thou that thou hast

hast not received? Now if thou hast received it, Why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received

GOD made all the World for *man*, man for *himself*, other creatures to serve themselves and *us*; us to praise and give thankes to *Him*; and He who prepar'd a dwelling for us on earth, is gone to prepare a place for us in Heaven: let us take heede lest by our disobedience wee lose our *second* PARADISE, as our Fathers did their first.

The Covetous man hath his eyes in his feete, ever poring on the earth, all his care is, to lay up for many yeares: like *ſpiders*, men ſpend their bowels to catch flyes, trifles: toyle and ſweat, and all that they may leave a little behind them when they dye: if they have but ſomewhat to leave *behinde them*, 'tis no matter whether they have any thing to carry *with them*. All are for the preſent, *is it not good, if there bee peace in my dayes?* He that truly remem-

members what hee hath loſt, cannot be ſo delighted with what hee hath, then onely mayeſt thou ſay to thy Soule, Take thy reſt, when thou haſt wealth layd up, not for *many yeeres*, but for ever.

I uſually ſee Parents moſt affect thoſe Children, that moſt reſemble them; I am ſure it is ſo with God, they are beſt lik'd that are moſt like him, nothing ſhal ever be able to *ſeparate* Chriſt from him, that will not *bee ſeparate* from Chriſt.

It is with the ſoule as with the graine: that which wee ſowe pure wheate, comes up with chaffe and ſtraw: there is no fruit but hath it's core, its kernell, its ſtone: in vaine doe wee thinke, while wee live here, to be at our beſt. It is not look'd wee ſhould bee *Angells* upon earth: the beſt have their faults: happy is hee that hath leaſt and feweſt: our prayer muſt bee, *Lord keepe us from preſumtuous ſinne*: for ſinnes of infirmitie, like ill weeds, grow

grow apace; *Tares* there will be, well is it with us if we be not overgrowne with thornes and briars, *surfetting and drunkennesse &c. and the Day of the Lord come upon us unawares.*

At usuall things wee lesse admire; While *Moses* doth onely what the *Magicians* can, hee is slighted; men are taken with something that is not ordinary. All *Samaria* will runne out to see a man can tell them al that ever they did; and I doubt whether the *A-*

postles drew not more after their miracles than their doctrin, when they beginne to heale and cast out Divels once, *Simon Magus* will bee one too; I will *admire* GOD for His power: but I will *love* Him onely for Himselfe.

Two things our SAVIOVR commends to us from His other creatures, *Wisedome* and *Innocencie*, from the *Serpent* and the *Dove*: The wisdome of the one may stand with the innocency of the other, nay it cannot

not wel ſtand without it: Innocency without Diſcretion will make us too forward with *Peter*, and wrong our ſelves: Againe, Wiſedome without Innocency will make us unjuſt ſtewards, and wrong our Maſter: both doe well, and onely both doe well.

The poore man is *Gods* lottery: caſt in earth, and yee ſhall draw heaven; caſt in a mite, and ye ſhal draw without meaſure; for God returnes not tenne in the hundred, but a hundred for tenne. I will bee an Uſurer one-

ly to GOD.

Give, and it shall be given to you: He that commands the one, promises the other. Almes never made their owner a bankerupt; Charitie is not so ill a servant, as to leave the master a begger. That *cruse* and *meale* shall never waste, that the *Pirphet* hath a Cake of.

It is an easie matter not to desire that which we have not; to complain when wee have no cause, scarce speakes us *men*, much

much leſſe *Chriſtians*, but when all failes to ſtand our ground, and looke to heaven for a handfull of ſupply, ſpeaks our faith: At a *Lyons denne*, or a fiery *furnace*, not to turne tayle, is a commendation worthy a *Prophet*. It is no honour to overcome, when it is no danger to fight. Adverſity beſt ſpeakes a Chriſtian in proſperity, it is as eaſie a matter to finde friends, as not to need them; but when wee have nothing left, not to leave GOD, nor ſo much as whimper but chide downe our

distrust with a *Deus providebit*: My Sonne, God will provide, tryes our temper. Then is our valor commendable, when wee can endure to bee *Iobs*,

When our *Saviour* would put to silence the *distrusters* of his time, He points them to the Lilies and the Crowes: the Lilies of the field, not of the garden, which are digg'd and dung'd; but of the field, which have no gardiner, but the Sun; no watering-pots but the clouds, and *your heavenly*

Fa-

Father (sayes He) *clothes these*: Doth my Father provide for others, and will he see me go naked? What will He thinke too much for His sonnes, that is so bountifull to strangers? How will Hee cloathe them, that so cloathes the grasse? If *Salomon* in all his royalty was not arrayed like one of these; the Sunne in all his height, shall not shine like one of us; when He shall have chang'd our vile bodies, that they may be like unto His glorious body.

Distrust

Diſtruſt is a ſinne, which cuſtome hath almoſt made commendable. Every man layes up Manna for to morrow, forgetting that if that be not worms, they themſelves may bee ſo. As if there were no *heaven*, but pleaſure & *abundance*: no other *hell*, but *affliction* and want; if their purſe grow light, their heart grows heavy, their mirth ends with their ſtore, and they think no man can ſay to his ſoule, *Take thy eaſe*, that hath not wealth laid up for

for many yeares: but we are not yet what wee *should bee*, if wee cannot be content to be what we *are*, what ever it be. Beggers must not be chusers: 'Tis not for us to teach God which way He shall bring us unto heaven, let us thanke Him that wee come thither any way, and if He wil have us suffer before we shall raign, downe on our knees, kisse the rod, and not a word, not a sob.

Where

Where-ever God is, there are these two, *increase and multiply*; *Abraham* and *Lot* cannot dwell together, while they dwell with him; and I see *Israel* once too bigge for *Goshen*, that is now too little for *Bethlehem*; give a man God, and throw him into the Sea, with *Israel*, *Ionah*, and he sinkes not; needs must he swim that is held up by the chin.

In

In apparell we are not to reſpect meerly neceſſity, but decency. God never meant Religion ſhould make men ſlovens or *Stoicks*, as if a man could not weare good clothes, and goe to heaven; or a Chriſtian were ever bound in conſcience to be out of faſhion: We are not tyed to wander, or to weare ſheep-skins or goat-skinnes, becauſe the *Apoſtle* telsus ſome did, *ſome of whom the world was not worthy*, God meant that thoſe holy men ſhould be patternes of

of *piety*, not of *fashions*. I wil never be niggardly of another mans purse, deny myselfe that which God hath not.

There may be pride in the meanest things in the world; no lesse the *Cynick* of his *tub*, than *Alexander* of all the *world* besides: *Sack-cloth* and Ashes in the same bill, with *purple* and fine linnen, both condemn'd of pride; to fast, and to fare deliciously, is strange but true; and so much worse is that pride than this, by how much it hath

hath a better face; *small drinke* and Camels haire goes away Sainted, though but counterfeited when *open pride* is cryed downe of all hands: and of the two, the least suspected is the more intolerable, I am sure the more incurable. A knowne disease is every mans cure, which when it lyes hid, is never medled with: There is lesse hope of an *Hypocrite* than an *Athiest*.

Afflictions are Gods mould in which He casts His Children, *spare the*

rod

rod, and ſpill the child, is as true in grace as nature. God receiveth no ſonne whom He chaſtiſeth not, but is with a gētle hand, He leaves no markes behinde, and He hath ſoone throwne away his rod, if with unfained reſolution you will doe ſo no more. God though He beat many of His Children till they cry, yet He never beats any for crying.

There is a double life in man, and muſt bee a double nouriſhment, men live as if there were no more

more to bee done, but *feede* and be *wurme*; food and rayment are the maine buſineſſes of the World: 'Tis true, wealth and friends, & health, are things to thank God for, but better deſires better becomes Chriſtians; the Chriſtian man *lives not by bread onely, &c.* Meate for the belly, and the belly for meate, but God ſhall deſtroy both it and them; every good mans meat and drinke is to doe *the will of Him that ſent him.*

God

God hath given us this ayre to breathe in, it doth not *give*, but *continue life*; 'tis the *meanes* of living, not the *Author* of life: God gives it us to use, not to serve. How many make this world their God, and serve it: and God (as it were) but their World to make use of? I will never be a servant to my *slave*.

God though he be ever the same in Himselfe, He is not always so in us, though Hee love those whom He doth love unto the

the end, yet not without Intermission. Men commonly never know the benefit of a thing but by the absence of it; wee could not so well esteem of *health*, if it pleased not God we were sometime *sicke*: the long absence of a desired friend makes him more welcome at his returne; thus *Christ* is pleas'd somtime to withdraw His presence, that with more earnestnesse we might be drawne to seeke Him: *Tell mee, Oh Thou whom my soule loveth where thou feedest, &c.*

As

As when many eyes are *fixed* upon one picture, every one thinkes the eyes of the picture to be *fixed* on him; so with our soules, all looke together at God, but every one must appropriate Him to himselfe. To know that God is the God of *Abraham*, the God of *Isaak*, and the God of *Iacob*, is but a weake assurance that He will provide for me, unlesse also He be my God; our faith, as our charity, must begin at home, and say, *My Lord and my God.*

Our

Our *Saviour* doth not ſay, doe unto others as others doe unto you, but as you would have others doe unto you. If thou wouldeſt have thy neighbor doe thee right, doe ſo to him though he have done thee wrong. *Lex talionis* was never a good *Chriſtian Law*; If I forgive not, I ſhall not be forgiven.

As hee cannot *riſe againe* the reſurrection of the body, that doth not firſt dye the death of the body, no more can he be

borne

borne the birth of the soule, that doth not first dye the death of sinne. It is necessary that hee which will bee borne twice, should *dye once* while hee lives, and hee that will once rise the resurrection of life, should *dye twice*. That I may live ever, I will dye daily.

That two contraries cannot consist in the same subject, is as good *Divinity*, as it is *Philosophy*; Good and evill are like Fire and Water, ever contending till the one bee conquered; either may

my sins and I must part, or *God* and I: I cannot be at once Gods *Church*, and the Divels *chappell*.

It is the fault of a great many, if God *beare* with them in their sinnes, they thinke hee *countenances* them: if they bee not presently stricken dead with *Vengeance*, they goe on; when they smart not, they beleeve not, and he is not fear'd til felt. Sicknesse is not thought of til death, nor that till hell: forgetting that the long-sufferance of God should lead them to repentance,

he forbeares us that hee might forgive us; shall I sinne because grace abounds? *God forbid?*

God, as He is infinite in mercy, so is He in justice; and as His mercy extends to thousands in them that love him, so do His judgments to many generations of them that hate Him. That He is long in *comming*, is no argument that Hee will *not come*; forbearance is no acquittance: the longer our time, the greater our account; if we have liv'd long and liv'd not well, of

young

young Saints prove old Divels; wee had beene better have gone to *heaven* yonng, than to have lived to theſe yeares to goe to *hell*: miſerable is that mans caſe whoſe latter end is worſe than his beginning.

The relation betweene ſinning and falling, is ſo neere, that they are us'd promiſcuouſly, the one for the other. Now it is a hard matter to fall without *hurt*, and once downe, it is not an eaſie matter to riſe without *helpe*: Where it is ſo

dangerous to fall, and so hard to rise; if we love our selves we will looke to our footing.

Most men feare to heare ill, that feare not to doe ill; the arrantest hypocrite in the world would not be thought so, he would not be censur'd for sinne, that feares not to be damned for it; and is afraid of holding up his hand to the barre, that is not afraid of standing at the *Tribunal seat of God*. All the care is how to sleepe in a whole skinne, not so much to *live well*, as

as to *dye safe*; keepe without the compasse of the Law, though they come within the reach of hell. If this bee not to feare men more than *God*, I know not what is.

I should wonder many times to see sin so smug to here a *Judas* at his *hale Master and kisses*; did I not remember of what Sire they come, the Divell: and that he can still *personate* that goodnesse he once *had*. Hee would bee more shunn'd, if he could not bee mistaken, that is not suspected in a

disguise; where the adversary is so subtill, they had need be *wise as Serpents*, that would be *innocent as Doves*.

Charity so forgives offences, that it is ready not only to pardon the offender, but to doe for him, and thinkes it selfe not innocent, that it *starves* not it's enemy, while it *sees* him *starve*. What little diffrence is there in Religion, betweene *not saving* and *killing*? we are not commended that we requite not evill with the like. Wee have not forgiven

given injuries if we doe onely not revenge them, if wrongs tye our hands from doing good where we ought and may, they prove *sinnes* to us, that were but crosses; and we wrong our selves more by not *doing*, than by *suffering*: and *God shall so forgive us our trespasses: For with what measure I mete unto others, it shall bee measured unto me againe.*

God deales by *us*, as He would have us deale by *others*, and we must doe by *others*, as wee would have them doe by *us*, and

all of us deale one with another, as wee would have *God* deale with all of us. As I cannot love *God* and hate my brother, so can I not bee loved of *God*. How justly is the *fire* of Envy punished with the *fire* of Hell.

It cost *God* more to redeeme the world, than to make it: He that made mee with a word speaking, when he redeemed me, spake, and wept, and bled, and dyed to doe it: what can I thinke too much to endure for his sake, that was made a curse

curse for *mine.*

It is with us here, as with *Gedeons fleece*; one while the ground is wet, and the fleece is dry; another while the fleece is wet, and the ground is drye. Somerime wee have Raine, and Faire Weather would doe better; anon it is faire, and raine would be welcommer: And it fares with our bodies, as with our estates; now happily we have health, and want meanes; then againe wee have other things, and want health; all our de-

light here is like our selves fading: and many times with *Balthazar*, we are fetch'd off in the mids of our jollity: Nothing here but ebbing and flowing, tumult and alteration; in heaven onely shall we rest from our labours: now if wee love our *ease*, why doe we so love our *lives*?

The good man takes his God as he doth his wife, for richer, for poorer; in sickneſſe and in health: we may not alwaies judg of Gods *favour* by His *bounty*. I am but a novice

vice in Religion, if I thinke I cannot be Gods ſonne and miſerable.

Commonly thoſe men are hotteſt in the purſuit of honour, that leaſt deſerve it; While deſervedneſſe ſits ſtill, and bides his leiſure that gives and takes where he liſt, and when, and how, and to whom; and at laſt is importun'd to the place, not for the good he ſhall receive, but forthat he may doe: he will not be great upon all termes, but will rather endure *poverty*, thã part with his *honeſty*, and not

not sell his soule to buy a purchase, *What will it profit a man to gaine the world, and lose his soule?*

Christ is in us, as the soule is in the body, hee *gives* live; wee are in *Christ*, as the branches in the Vine, whence we *receive* life. Let our care be to offer up our selves living sacrifices to him, of whom wee live and moove: 'Tis all hee requires, an egge of his owne *Bird*, some minutes of that time which hee hath given us. What can I doe lesse? one good

turne

rume requires another; if I love not those that love mee, I come short of Infidels.

Selfe-conceitednesse is the sinne in fashion. 'Tis a hard matter not to thinke well of our selves: I am not behind the least of the *Apostles* (yee know the Voice) and if he had not beene *buffeted*, hee had beene *exalted* above measure, and carried higher in *conceit*, than he was before in his *extasie*: hee that well remembers from what hee once fell, cannot but be ashamed

ashamed of what hee is, and fall yet lower: *Oh Lord, I am lesse than the least of thy mercies.*

Malice never wants a marke. Hee who hath *nothing*, hath *something* to be envyed for; and if nothing else, hee is envied for this, that he is content with his *nothing*. It is hard to bee prosperous, and bee loved at once: Those that will be great, shall be envied; it is hard but safe, to be contented with a little: but if I cannot avoid ill tongues, my care shall bee not to deserve

deſcrve them; and then, let *Shimei* curſe.

I ſeldome ſee ſinne but in a religious tire: Nay, *but I reſerv'd them for ſacrifice*, was *Sauls* to *Samuel*: for ſacrifice, not for prey. Goodneſſe is the beſt diſguiſe of evill, either *ſeeme* what thou art, or be what thou *ſeemeſt*: *God* is not mocked.

Their ſinne is more unpardonable than that ſin of purpoſe. malice leaves the owner as without excuſe, ſo without hope: Sinnes of ignorance excuſe

cuſe a *tanto*, ſave ſome blowes. I may, and doe ſinne daily againſt my will, I wil not againſt my knowledge.

What more glorious Maſter than *God*? What better Mother, than the Church? How glorious is that calling that at once ſerves ſuch a Maſter, and ſuch a Mother? As it is our glory to *ſerve* them, ſo it muſt be our glory to doe them good *ſervice*. God in us ſets the world copies of piety, and wee muſt live to others no leaſſe than preach: As we

are

are more *eye*, so we are more *look'd* at, *motes* in others eyes are *beames* in ours: many things are lawful that are not expedient, and somethings are expedient in respect of the *person*, that are scandalous meerely for the *cheine*; that which is reproveable in another, is in us a reproach: seeing it is so, what manner of men ought we to be.

Promotions are neither from the East nor from the West, but from God: Hee that hath them, and not of His gift, hath them with

with a vengeance, who would not rather wish to want, than to be great so.

There was never any that was not ambitious: every man is borne a *Corah*, onely some more superlative than other. But of all men I most wonder at those that are ambitious only to be talk'd of, and since they cannot bee *notable*, they would bee *notorious*; and with *Cain* bee mark'd, though for murderers. Whether I know much, or am knowne of many, it matters not, onely this I will

will care for, that God may not say to me in the last day, I know thee not.

Pride is good to none, worst to it selfe: when *Adam* would better his *knowledge*, hee lost his *dwelling* in Paradise; and when those builders of *Babel* would mend their *dwelling*, they lost their *knowledge*. The itch of being great or potent, or pointed at, how many hath it undone? I will never care to be or to know that which I know shall repent mee: what commendations is it to have once

once beene some-body:

The tongue is the only betrayer of the mind: The foole, while he is silent, is not discovered. I will not be more thrifty of any thing, than of my speech; I had rather be *thought* to know a little, than be *known* to know nothing.

There is but one thing a Christian need desire of God, that's a clean heart: *Create a new heart, &c.* there is but this one thing that God desires of a *Christian*, his heart: *My sonne,*

Sonne, give mee thy heart; and this I will only therfore desire to *have*, that I may *give*. *A broken and a contrite heart, Oh God, thou wilt not despise.*

The *Kings daughter* is all glorious within, but yet her rayment too is of wrought gold; our outside, our life must tel the world what we are within. If our lives doe not answer our profession, we are Pharisees, we say and doe not.

It is a common fault to forget what wee have beene, when wee are changed for the better: how many have been resolved for heaven in their sickneſſe, that in their whole skinne have disclaim'd it, and requited the recovery of the body with a relapſe of the ſoul. To receive good at the hands of the *Lord*, and not evill, is unreaſonable to expect: but to receive good at the hands of the *Lord*, and returne evill, is wicked and not to be endured. I will never pray more

more heartily to *God* for a blessing, than for grace to manage it: Wherefore should I be blessed to my cost?

With God all things are not onely alike possible, but easie; and he can as well of *stones* make *Abraham children, as of Iews.* I will never despaire of him that can do al things I cannot be so infinitely sinful as God is merciful. *O God, if thou wilt, when thou wilt, thou canst make me whole*; why should I give myselfe over, where my *Physician* doth not?

Works

Works without faith, are like a suite of *clothes* without a body, empty: Faith without workes is like a body without *clothes*, no warmth, want heat; Works without faith, are not good works; and faith without good workes is as good as no faith, but a dead Faith. Then onely are they themselves, when they are together; what God hath joyned, let no man put asunder.

Our

Our actions are never pleasing to God, when our light doth not shine before men; let your light so shine before men that they may see your good workes, and glorifie your Father which is in heaven; that your Father which is in heaven may one day glorifie you.

With men, confesse & suffer is good justice; but with God, the contrarie, to confesse our sins is the next way to be forgiven them; that soule is

past hope that lyes speechlesse. I will ever pray; *Oh Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise, and my owne sinnes.*

Pray for them that curse you, doe good to them that, &c. Is *durus sermo*, a hard saying, and against the haire; 'tis not so easie a matter to *forget* an ill turne, as to *doe* one, yet this must be if we will be *Christians*: hee that will not be in charity shal never be in heaven. Why should I doe my selfe a shrewd turne because another

nother would?

It was the divell that first made us enemies to *God*, and it is still he that makes us enemies to one another; it is not for nothing (I have thought) that he is painted with a cloven foote, he loves *divisions* so well, & there is no greater argument of a divel incarnat than a malicious heart: say what thou wilt, but I will never beleeve thee against scripture, that thou loveſt God whom thou haſt not ſeene, that loveſt not thy brother whom thou

haſt ſeene; If wee love Him we will love one another.

If we will bee *Chriſts* Diſciples we muſt leave all, but it's not all, wee muſt take up our croſſe too: *i. e.* be ready to take it up, not of our ſelves, but if it be laid upō vs we muſt ſuffer *willingly* for *Chriſts ſake*, we muſt not ſuffer *wilfully* or throw our ſelves into the fire. he that bids us *ſuffer*, bids vs *flye*, If they perſecute you in one City, flye, &c. It is our commendation to *endure* the ſtroke or

the

the Faggot, it is not to *seeke* it; when zeale runnes without discretion, warrant, it commonly makes more haſt, than good ſpeed; CHRIST would have us innocent, but wiſe too, Serpents as well as Doves, lay down our lives for His ſake, but not *fling* them downe; we muſt neither goe like *beares* to the ſtake, nor like *mad-men*, neither runne to our martyrdome nor *from* it: Pray with our SAVIOVR, if it be poſſible to miſſe the cup, or but to kiſſe it, but ſtill not my will but thy

Will, we must submit al to *God*, and thinke that fittest for us which Hee thinkes so.

That which I heare from *David*, I would heare from every good man, Thy word is a *Lanterne* to my feete, &c. To his feete, not to his eyes alone: if we use the Word of *God* onely to gaze on, & see fine stories, to *discourse* by, not *live* by, it wants his use, and wee want our goodnesse, and shall want our glory; knowledge without practice adds to our punishment

ment together with our sin. How many *Pharisees* have sate in *Moses* chaire that shall never sit in *Abrahams* bosome, onely for this, because they knew and did not.

Workes of piety must never goe without humility; he that prayes and is not humbled, like the *Pharisee* in the parable, goes away worse than hee came. When thou prayest, thou askest blessing, and doe it on thy knees, if to your earthly father, how much more to your heavenly: Men

have inverted the course now, they *drinke* their health upon their knees, and *pray* for their health upon their *tailes*, God shall answere such men according to their manners, proudly. Why should GOD stoope to their wants, that stoope not to their owne? wee cannot bee too humble when we are to speake to that Majestie, whom we cannot see and live, and whom we shall one day see and live to our cost, if we be not humbled; thanke God thou hast knees to bowe, how ma-

ny

ny would that have not; why ſhouldeſt thou bend and cringe and bow, to thy father or thy friend, or thy betters, and not to thy God.

Prayer is the *Iacobs* ladder of the ſoule wherein it goes up and downe to God, and conferres with Him; in our praiers wee *bleſſe* Him, and by our prayers wee *bleſſe* our ſelves: there is no part of Gods worſhip more acceptable or more profitable than this of prayer, and none more ſlighted, men come to

praier as to a thing indifferent; wilful negligence in leaving it undone, and coldneſſe in doing of it, are the ſinne almoſt of who not, only; *Oh Lord doe thou be mercifull to the neglect of thy people.*

There are many ſervices and many Maſters, and yet no man can ſerve two maſters, that is, two of a contrary diſpoſition, for there is the world, the fleſh, and the divell, and ye may ſerve al theſe at once, nay yee cannot ſerve one and not all, the glutton he ſerves his belly

ly & with *Esau* sells his birthright, his blessing for pottage: the drunkard he serves I know not well what, whether the drinke, or the company, or his appetite, or all, but instead of quenching his thirst, drownes his soule: the envious man, and the furious man, are alike in this, both serve their passion, onely here they differ, the envious man *with Sampson*, will braine *himselfe* so hee may braine *others*: the furious man braines others so long till at length he bee brained himselfe; the usurer hee

serves

ſerves his gold; the adulterer hee ſerves his luſt, but all ſerve one chiefe Lord, one Maſter, the Divell, and ſhall all receive the ſame Wages, *which is the wages of all ſinne, death*; Why ſhould God pay them for their paines, that goe not of His errands.

(***)

FINIS.

UMI

UMI

Horæ Succisivæ,

OR,

SPARE-HOVRES

of

Meditations;

VPON OVR DVTY

To { GOD,
others,
our Selves.

The Second PART.

By IOS. HENSHAW.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for *Ralph Mabb*, 1632.

TO
THE RIGHT
Reverend Father in God, and
Right Honourable,
WILLIAM,
Lord Bishop of London, *one of his Majesties most Honorable Privy* Councell.
(* * *)

Right Reverend and my honoured LORD,

He world is full of books, hee knowes nothing, *that doth not know in print; I complaine, but adde to the number, yet I am perswaded if men would but knowe their last, there would be lesse*

done, or lesse adoe; I censure no mans endevours. I cannot but condemne those ultra-crepitasts that with Festus will teach Saint Paul Divinitie: I desire to keepe my penne to my plough; onely, something duty enjoines mee, great things my owne immaturitie forbiddes mee, such as I have, I have provided: Ingratitude of all is the worst look'd sinne, verball

ball thankefulneſſe little differs from ingratitude, ſuch is mine faine to be: Bookes are but words; but many times that is accepted, where wee like, which from others would bee counted cheape; Your Lordſhips favour makes mee thus holde to put theſe Ludicra, *trifle-houres to that view which is not us'd to trifles: I have beene late and long ſicke; ſome of my*

my sicke thoughts (being now well) I am bold to present; that they are worse than is wish'd or look'd for, is not want of respect, but skill. The matter is almost as divers as the pages, nugæ miscellaneæ of Directions, Instructions, Resolutions; what we should do, what we should bee; all which I desire only to shew my selfe to your Lordship, not to the world:

world; a teſtate of my duety, not my proficiency; what I doe owe, not what I could doe; my penne as my knowledge may lagge behind with the laſt; my praiers ſhall wye with the formoſt for your Lordſhips fruition of all happineſſe here, and of eternall happines hereafter.

Your Lordſhips in all humble duty to be commanded,

IOS. HENSHAW.

SPARE HOVRES of Meditations,

The Second Part.

BLessed are the *poore*, for theirs is the *kingdom of heaven*. How are they poore that have a *Kingdome*? or what *Kingdom* is weal-

thy, if not that of *heaven*? or why complainſt thou of that povertie, that ſaints thee: that is a happy ſoule that makes *even* with God every *night*; and every *morne* begins the World *anew*.

God is *love*, and hee that loveth is borne of God, & God loveth him; ſo there is no love loſt; by this are we knowne to be Gods ſons, & Chriſts diſciples, if we love one another: I may love others for other reſpects, my *enemies* that they *may* bee *good* to mee, or my *friends*

friends becauſe they are ſo: but *God* I will love, becauſe I *will* love Him, and becauſe He is to bee *beloved*.

When I at firſt looke out into the World, and ſee many men (and thoſe none of the beſt) in better caſe, I think my ſelfe forgotten, & wiſh for more: but when I remember my *account*, I feare I have too *much*, & forget thoſe wiſhes; It may bee, if I had more *wealth*, I ſhould be more *riotous*: *outward* loſſes are ſomtimes *gainfull*, and it is *good* for us

that wee are *afflicted*; it would be *worse* with us, if it were not sometimes thus bad; many, if they were not kept short of *these*, would come short of *Heaven*. Hee *knowes* us that *keeps* us, & if He will have us *Lazar's*, and not *Dive's*, bring us to heaven that way rather than another, His will be done; let Him give my goods to the poore, & my body to be burn'd, and bring me to *Heaven*, though in a *fiery Chariot*; I cannot complaine of the *foulnes* of that *way* that carries me to *God*.

Things

Things which wee come easily by, we easily part with; lightly *come*, lightly *goe*; true friendship, as it is hard to *find*, so it is hardly *lost*, and therefore hardly lost, because hard to *find*: I will put *up* many *injuries*, before I put *off* one *friend*; *small* faults I wil *swallow*; others I will winke at; and if he will not be my other selfe, I will be *his*, and change my *nature* before my *friend*: *friends* like *stones*, get nothing by rolling.

Wee are content with a *little*, when wee are by our *ſelves*; who puts on *ſcarlet*, and reſolves not to be ſeene? or is ſerv'd in *plate*, when there is none to take *witneſſe* of it? Nature, if it would but be *private*, it would not be ſo *coſtly*, moſt men are therefore *covetous*, becauſe they are *ambitious*, and love the ſtage; and deſire to *have* much, that they may have much to *ſhew*, and ſet their *land* upon their *cupboards*; I thinke they would ſhew more of their wit, if they

ſhewed

ſhewed leſſe of their ſubſtance, they doe not ſo much ſhew that to their gueſts as themſelves, and are admir'd at, not for the abundance of theſe, but the want of the other

Pride and *Vncharitableneſſe* are ſinnes in *faſhion*, and the *one* the cauſe of the *other*; many thinke they ſhould want for their *pride*, if they ſhould but be *charitable*; I have often wondred and grieved to ſee a *rich porch*, and a *poore Chriſtian: walls cloath'd*, and *men* goe *naked*. Say what thou wilt,

but I am sure with the Apostle, That hee cannot love *God* whom he hath not seene, that loves not his *brethren* whom hee *hath seene*, and can endure to *see miserable*.

Many are therefore friends to *others*, that they may befriend *themselves*: and like leaves in *winter*, fall from the trees when they begin to *wither*; and with Saint *Peter*, *know not the man*. How many doe we nick-name *friends* at *large*, that prove but *strangers* at a *pinch*; that will be your *servants* in

in a *complement*, and not know you in a *businesse*? I will not desire of God not to have *friends*, but not *such* friends, or not to *need* them.

We owe more to *God* for *redeeming* us, than for *making* us; His *Word* made us, but when it came to *redeeme* us, that *Word* must be made *flesh*, and that flesh must *suffer*: in our *creation* He gave us our *selves*; but in our *redemption* He gave us *Himselfe*; and by giving *Himselfe* for us, gave us *our selves* *againe* that were

loſt; ſo that we owe our ſelves, and all that wee have, twice *told*: and now what ſhall *wee* give unto *thee*, ô Thou *Preſerver* of men, for our ſelves thus *given* and *reſtored*? If we could give our ſelves a *thouſand* times over, yet what are *we* to *God*? and yet if wee doe give our ſelves to Him and His ſervice, ſuch as we *are*, and ſuch as we *can*, Hee *accepts* it, and will *reward* it. I will never grudge *God* His *owne*. I have nothing that is not His; and if I give it to Him, He wil reſtore it againe with intereſt

tereſt, never any man was a loſer by *God*.

The beſt ornament of the *body*, is the *minde*, and the beſt ornament of the minde is *honeſtie*; I will care rather how to live *well*, than how to go fine. I may have an ill *garment*, and come to *Heaven*; I cannot, and have an ill *ſoule*. He who *firſt* bid us caſt our care upon *Him*, did not ſo meane, as if wee ſhould take *no care our ſelves*; it will not come to our ſhare, to *ſit ſtill* and cry, *God helpe us*: *Salomon* hath read his fortune,

fortune, that will not *worke* in *ſummer*; therefore ſhall hee *ſtarve* in *winter*: It was the deſtiny ſinne brought upon the world, *In the ſweat of thy browes thou ſhalt eate thy meat*, and thanke God we can have it ſo: *He that made us without our ſelves, will not keepe us without our ſelves*; it is mercy enough for us, that we eat with ſweating. I will never thinke much of my *paines*, where it is rewarded with a *bleſſing*.

If an *Aſſe* doe but *ſpeake once* in a world, as *Balaam's*

Laans's did, a *beast* have any part of a man in him, wee wonder, and justly; but let a *man* have every part of a *beast*, goe upon all foure, & wallow with the *drunkard*, or lose his speech together with his legges, tis ne're talk'd of. It is the property of a man to speake, as of a beast not to speake: why doe we wonder to heare a *beast speake*, and not wonder to heare a *man not* able to *speake*? or how justly doth he *want* the blessing, that cānot *aske* it

It was our Saviours to

to His disciples, *Behold, I send you as sheepe in the middest of Wolves*; blessed *Saviour*, didst thou not care for thy Disciples? or if thou didst, why are they not rather sent as *Lyons* in the middest of *sheepe*, than as sheep in the midst of wolves? Even because Hee *loved* them, therfore He so sent them, that out of the *Lyons* mouth they might come forth more glorious; as there shall be ever some *poore* to exercise our *charitie*; so there shall bee some *wicked* to exercise our *patience*; some Bulls.

of

of *Basan to compasse, &c.* Where the enemies are so strong and so many, they had need of the Serpents wisdome, that will avoyd his sting; and bee Doves as well for their patience as their innocency.

Desperately *wicked* is that of some, *If I shall bee sav'd, I shall be sav'd:* as if *Heaven* would come *unlook'd* for; and they should be *sav'd* whether they *would or no.* God never did, nor will save any man in spight of his teeth, or against his will; as we cannot keepe body and

and ſoule together, without ſweating; no more can wee bring our *ſoule* and *God* together with ſitting ſtill; never any got *wealth*, by barely *wiſhing* for it: and as few come to *Heauen*, by meerely *deſiring* it. There's a *race* to be runne, and a *battaile* to be fought; and as well in *religion* as in any thing, we muſt *worke* for our living.

It is appointed to *all men, once* to *dye*: death is a puniſhment of ſinne, not *ſinne* it ſelfe; yet ſure it is the *height* of puniſhment when

when it is *ſudden*; I doe not deſire *not* to dye at all, but not all at *once*. I know I *muſt* dye, and I *thinke* of my death, yet is it not *alwayes* in my *thoughts*; the beſt of us all may be taken *napping*. I will ever pray God when he doth ſel me, not to doe it at a *blow*, that I may ſee my ſelfe falling, and *bethink* me in the *fall*: and thus it is a comfortable thing to *fall* into the hands of the living God.

He that *knowes* his maſters will, and *doth it not*, ſhall bee beaten with *ma-*

ny

my ſtripes; and yet I cannot ſay whether ſhall be worſe beaten, hee that *may* know it and *will not*, or hee that *doth know* it, and *doth it not*; the one ſinnes againſt his *knowledge*, the other ſinnes becauſe hee *will not* know, and ſhall one day not be knowne.

God made this world not barely to *looke* on, but to *contemplate* on, and of Him in it: here the Chriſtian and the Philoſopher part, *they* are led by *reaſon*, *we* by *faith*: they *argue*, we *beleeve*: they enquire

quire the *manner*, *how* all were *made*; the *Christian*, why: He is not curious in the *manner*, but lookes at the *end*, for the *glory* of *God*, and the *way* to our glorie: and useth them not for *spectacles*, but *motives*, to the glorifying of him of whom he hath them; and if we enjoy these as we should, wee shall one day enjoy him from whom we enjoy them.

This World is oft compar'd unto a sea, our life is the Ship, wee are the passengers, the grave is

is the common haven; Heaven is the shore; and well is the *grave* compar'd unto a *haven*, for there wee unload; the things of this world are neither *borne* with us, nor doe *dye* with us; we goe out of this world as wee came into it, naked: why are wee so covetous of those things, which are so hard to *get*, and so certaine to be *lost*? If I enjoy them *all*, I shall not enjoy them *long*: or if enjoy but *some*, I shal shortly have *use* of *none*. I will comfort my selfe against the *want* of them, with the

the assurance that I shall one day not have need of them.

Who can but once look backe upon his *creation*, and dares distrust God for his *preservation*? whether is it easier to *give*, or to *continue* life? to *keepe* thee, or to *make* thee? If He have given thee the *greater*, why dost thou distrust Him for the *lesse*? Or if thou distrust Him for *earth*, how will you take His word for *Heaven*? Oh *God*, they have forgot of whō they *live*, that distrust thee for their *life*. This

This life is a *race*, and wee doe not *live* but *travell*; but we have *another* race beside this, of our *soule* as well as of our *bodie*; since *both* must bee runne, and the one will not tarry for the other: I will try who can runne fastest; if I have finished my *life*, & not my *course*, I have made more haste than good speed.

Every thing else hath a *beginning*, it is onely *Gods* title, *Which was, and is, and is to come*: *Eternity* is onely there, our glory must

must bee, not that wee *have* liv'd ever, but *shall* doe so.

If wee looke but out into the World, we shall see almost as many *miracles* as *things*, that *trees* and *plants* should every yeare dye, and recover; that the *Sunne* should only *lighten* and *warme* the earth, and not *burne* it; that the *heavens* should distill its rayne in *drops*, and not in *rivers* full, and *drowne* us, where they do but *wet* us: *God* is no lesse miraculous in *preserving* the World, than in *making*

king it; and as His *mercies*, so His *glorie* is over all His workes.

Religion with some men is but a matter of *fashion*. Many are of *Agrippa's* Religion, almost Christians; such men shall be *saved*, as they doe *beleeve*; *almost*: God will never owne such *halfe-fac'd* followers. The hypocrisie of a Pharisee would have shamed thee into an *outside* of Christianity, and *unlesse your righteousnesse exceed the righteousnesse of the Scribes and Pharisees, you cannot enter*

enter, &c. It is not onely want of *grace*, but *wit*, to dissemble where we may be discerned, if I will needs bee a Christian, I will be one to some purpose.

I heare much commended now adayes, as the Lord did the unjust Steward, because they deale *wisely*, not *honestly*; 'tis held no crime to deceive, but to be *taken*, to be *discovered*, that's a foule fault, he is a novice that doth that; the care of many is, not to live *innocent*, but *close*, & they cast how to goe (as Saul to Endor) to

the *Divell* in a *disguise*; but they cosen onely *mens* eyes, *Gods* they cannot; and since they will not be knowne for what they are now, they shall not be knowne for what they would bee one day. God shal say unto them, *Depart from mee yee workers of iniquity, I know you not*

To *dissemble* sinne was never the way to be pardon'd it, only he that *confesseth* his sinne, shall find *mercie*: never be asham'd to say, what thou were not asham'd to doe: blush

to

to *commit* them, but not to *tell* of them; it is better that the world note thee for a *ſinner*, than God for an *hypocrite*.

Some there are that *heare* onely to tell, and many times make differences where there were none meant, it is not good alwayes to tell all wee heare; many a man ſpeaks that in his anger, which in coole bloud he would not owne; and we doe a *double* wrong by relating that which the one is ſorry to heare, and the other to have *ſpoken*, when he

is himselfe. I will heare *all*, and report onely the *best*, he that makes debate betweene others, layes a bait for *himselfe*; it is safe and honest to *compose* discords, but *sowe* none. I will labour what I can, to set others *together*, but not by the *eares*.

When wee behold, (for who can choose?) such a world of sinners in every corner of the world, *buyers* and *sellers* in the *Temple*, and not whipped out, selling our soules for the provision of their bodies: others with

with *Zimri & Cosbi*, outfacing judgement; how, doe wee not wonder and bleſſe our ſelves, that we enjoy ſo good, ſo much, ſome thing, any thing: that *Pharaohs* leane kine are not ſeene amongſt us, and the metamorphoſis of famine, of the heavens to *Braſſe*, and the earth to *Iron*? that either the clouds are not ſhut, to *with-hold* their raine, or that the windowes of heaven are not *opened*, to raine not water, but fire and brimſtone? It is admirable, where the fact is ſo foule, that the reprive

is so long? Oh Lord, we have nothing to say for our selves, but acknowledge, it is thy mercy that wee are not consumed.

Good natures are wonne rather with *intreatie* than curstnesse, if wee doe not more love God for His *goodnesse* that He doth *preserve* us, than feare Him for His *power* that Hee can *destroy* us, His mercies are ill bestow'd, and worse imploy'd; wee have not receiv'd the spirit of bondage to *feare*. I will love

God,

God, and *honour* Him, but I will be *afraid* onely of *offending* Him.

God loves timely holineſſe, *remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth*. Nature ever begins at the wrong end, layes in, and layes up indeed, but for the theefe and the moth. With *Abſalom* the firſt care is taken to leave a *monument* behind, and when they are ſetled upon *earth*, they will ſee if God have any thing to ſay to them for *Heaven*: & the beſt part is the laſt provided; ſuch ſhall one

day have their heaven to seeke, because they will not have it to seeke now. He that wil not when he may,&c. You know the Proverbe: He that doth not seeke the Lord while He may be found, cannot complaine if he do afterward seeke, and not find.

All sinnes are forbidden trees to us, and wee are so much ADAMS sonnes in nothing as in our disobedience; ever reaching after that wee should not: *to doe good*, there is a *lion* in the way, like *Salomons* sluggard;

but

but to evil, how swift are our feet? So then, it is not going *fast* that carries us to Heaven, but going *right*: I will care rather to set my foot down *sure*, than to take it up *quicke*: What am I the neerer to goe a *great* pace and the wrong way.

Every man is his owne worst foe, and his greatest enemies are those of his owne house: we may thanke *our selves* that wee live at no more ease than we doe; *In the sweat of thy browes, thou shalt eate thy meat* was of our owne

procuring. We had never known so much *evil*, if wee had not desired to know too much *good*, our ambition hindered our preferment; we were at first made *happy*, and we made our selves *miserable*, & now we are *miserable*. *God* hath chalked out a way to our *happinesse*; now if we love misery rather than blisse, it is fit we should have enough on't.

A good man, still the *longer* hee *lives*, the *better* he dyes; men should grow *better* as they grow *older*; not like a dead hedge,

hedge, the *longer* it ſtands, the *rottener*. To ſee a man white in his leproſie leaving the *world*, and not his *avarice*; and with S. *Lukes* foole, dye thinking of his *barnes*, is horrible. I had rather have no portion on *earth*, than buy it with that I ſhall have in *Heaven*; I will not (with the Curre in the fable) part with my *fleſh* for its ſhadow.

The way to *ſweeten death* is to *thinke* of it, every day I *live* I will remember I might *dye*; and I will not deſire to live a day

day *longer*, than I grow some drammes *better*. What will it benefit me that I have liv'd some houres which I cannot answer for.

Worldly *minds* mind nothing but Worldly *things*. *Laban* and *Nabal* think of nothing but their *sheep-shearing*, and *making merry* when they have done; their *businesse* is thought on, not their *salvation*; for they make that no part of the businesse, onely matter of *sport*; grudge God His

service,

service, and in His *service* the *length* of it; and pay God His due, as *Laban* did *Iacob* his wages, with an ill wil; & would fetch it back again if they could tell how: and yet these men that will steale time from God for their *profit* and their *businesse*, will steale time from their businesse for their *pleasure*: He that will breake the *Sabbath* for an houres worke, will breake off his *work* for an houres drinking. Thus they prefer the *humoring* of their soules, to the *saving* of them. I will never sell Heaven for

for *company*, it is better being a good *Christian*, than a good *fellow*.

Every man would be thought to bee in love with *heaven*, and yet moſt men are loth to ſhake hands with *earth*; here is the difference betweene the heavenly Language and ours; they cry, *how long Lord, how long?* and we cry, *how ſoone?* they think He ſtaies too long, and we thinke He comes too faſt. I will labour to bee a *follower* of thoſe, with whom I would be *partner*; hee hath not yet enough

enough conn'd Heaven, that is loth to goe to it; that voyce onely is worthy an Apoſtle; *I deſire to bee diſſolved, and to bee with* CHRIST.

The juſt man ſhall live by his *faith*, and others live by his *charitie*: true faith is ſeene in its *works*; he that ſayes he *beleeves*, and doth not *ſhew* it, beleeve him not. To make ſhew of beleeving, and not in thy *workes*, is to ſhew thy *Hypocriſie*, but not thy *faith*.

Not

Not every one that eats his meat in the ſweat of his brows, ſhall eat bread in the Kingdome of *Heaven*: and yet it is not eaten but with *ſweating* neither, but 'tis ſuch a ſweat as will make thy *heart* ake, and not thy *limbs*. prizes are not had but with *hazard*, hee that will drink of the water of the Well of *Bethel*, with *Davids* Worthies muſt thorow his enemies: the water of *life* is not had, but with hazard of our *lives*. My comfort ſhal be, that though I loſe my *life* for

CHRISTS

CHRISTS ſake, I ſhal not loſe my labour. Or, who would not loſe *this life*, which he is ever looking to *leave*, for that which he is ſure *ever* to enjoy? Oh Lord, wee want lives to loſe; I cannot endure enough to come to *Heaven*.

This life, as if it would *never* be done, is ever *providing* for; *Eternall life*, as if it would never *begin* is never *preparing* for. I will *care* for this life, but not *dote* on it; I will remember I ſhall live *ever*, but not *here*.

The

The love of the *earth* is the diſeaſe of the world, and that gulfe betweene *Abrahams* boſome and us, *to forſake houſe and land &c.* that they do not like of; if Chriſt would but leave out that ſame, *leave all*, men would doe well enough with Him: they would enjoy *this* world, but not with the loſſe of a *better*. Againe, they would enjoy *that*, but not with the loſſe of *this*; they would have their *Canaan*, but they would have their *fleſh-pots*; they love the *bleſſing*, but they would

would not loſe their *pottage*: with *Naaman*, they will worſhip no other god, but yet; *the Lord bee merciſull, &c. when I enter into the houſe of the god Rimmon.* They would ſo pleaſe *God*, as they might neither diſpleaſe *others*, nor *themſelves*, & would partſtakes with God; let ſuch *juglers* in religion look upon *Saul* in the *Old* Teſtament, and *Ananias* in the *New*, and read their judgement: what ſociety hath *light* and *darkneſſe*? The *Arke* & *Dagon* were never friendly houſholders: thou canſt not at once

once, have two such guests, as GOD and the divel. If one *heaven* could not hold them both, how shall one *heart*?

No man is so provident for his *owne* good, as *God* is for every mans every finner is an *Absalom* to Him, and He doth not only *wish, Would God I had dyed for thee, &c. but dyed indeed*: wee doe not so desire our owne salvation, as He doth all ours, *promiseth, perswadeth beggeth* our obedience: He leaves no way untried, that He may leave us in-

excu-

excusable, wash His hands of us, and say, *perditio tua ex te, &c.* Our destruction if it do come, is from our selves: if wee could but wish well to our owne soules, we could not but do well: and yet it is not *wishing*, but *doing* well that doth the deed. I will do what I can, and I will desire to do what I should and cannot. God accepts a *willing* mind, and if I am willing beyond my ability, He will either make me *able*, or accept my *will*. O *God*, thou that worke'st in me both to *will* and to *do*, work *my* will to *thine*, and

and my *power* to my *will*, that I may not onely wil or desire, but do thy wil.

God doth not looke for every *thing* from every *one*; for ten talents where Hee left but *two*: onely Hee there exacts much, where He hath *given* much: if the seed of *thorny*, or *stony* ground bring forth *no* fruit, or *withered*, it is no marvell; but where He hath *dung'd* and *gooded*, to expect a crop is but *reasonable*. The more I have, the more I have to *answer* for; the greater my *trust*, the

the greater my *account*: Let others care how to get *more*, my care shal be how to pay for that I have already.

All lands do not yeeld the same things, and the same land doth not yeeld *all* things: thus God divides His blessings to us, as He doth to these, to some strength of *body*, to another strength of *wit*; to one *health*, to another *knowledge*, &c. Hee hath distributed to no man *all* things; yet, to *every* man *some* thing: he is strangely miserable, that hath no-

nothing; but this doth not please, if every one have not *all*, they grow *surly*. What wilt thou give me, since I go *childlesse*? could the *best* of the *Patriarkes* say: It is hard and rare to see that in others, which we want our selves, and would have, and be still. While I am in this world, I shall ever behold this *inequality*, and if I cannot make a covenant with mine *eies*, I will with my *heart*. Since I cannot but see it, I will learn not to repine at it: *it is the Lord*, let Him doe whatsoever He will.

God

God calls some men to martyrdome, when others would *startle* at a *stake*, and yet *good* Christians too: all *men*, as all *trees*, are not fit for *fewell*, that are fit for *use*; every one cannot hold out against the *prison*, and the *hatchet*. It is an easie matter to dare affliction before it come, and when it doth come, run away from it. Wee know not of what spirit wee are, what metall we are made of; our prayer must be, first, not to meet with persecutions, and next to

endure them (*but not meet them.*)

Earth is but our rode to Heaven, and the things of this world, like *high-way* fruit, are common to all: the *Sunne* ſhines, and *Raine* falls alike upon the *juſt*, and upon the *unjuſt*: leſt they ſhould be thought *evils*, they are given unto the *good*; and leſt they ſhould bee *too well* thought of, they are afforded to the evill. There is *another* good, which is wholly the *Godly's*, and wholly to bee *ſought* for the kingdome of

of *Heaven*, and the *righteouſneſſe* thereof: they, whoſe kingdome is not of this world, can ſee the kingdomes of this world (with their SAVIOVR from the pinnacle) and contemn them, or at leaſt not fall downe and worſhip them. It ſhall not trouble me that I am outbid in theſe things by others, I will bee contented to excell them in better things, the *comfort* I have, and the *glorie* I ſhall have.

The *covetous* man never hath enough: like *Pharaohs* leane kine, *eats*, but is never the fuller; *toiles*, and *sweats*, & *wakes*, and *wants* for all this; it is a greater misery to desire *much*, than to have *nothing*; of no man can it be better said, all is *vanity* and *vexation* of spirit: hee is his owne tormentor, and doth at once make himselfe a hell *here*, and provide himselfe one *hereafter*; hee is never at rest till hee rest his last, which yet is the beginning of a worse torment:

so

so he robs himselfe, both of the pleasure of *this* life, and of *a better*. It is good to bee covetous of *good* things, and labour for the food which perisheth not: of this I will never have enough, but pray, *Lord give me ever more of this bread, ever* and *more*.

All that God made at first was *good*; Hee *made* them so, He *left* them so: if they be not still so, the *dishonour* may be His, the *smart* will be ours; their goodnes consists in their good *usage*, and our sinne in the *abuse* of them. God

make us but to remember *why* they were made, and we cannot be to seek *how* they should bee *used*.

Our Saviours commendation of *Iohn Baptist* was, that hee was a burning and shining lampe: the hypocrit, like a glow-worme, shines but burnes not; others, like hell fire, burne but shine not: and must looke to have their portion in the fire, they resemble. We are not excusable, if we doe onely shine and not burne, or burne and not shine; the one we see condemned in the

the *Laodiceans*, becauſe they wanted heat; the other in the *fooliſh virgins*, becauſe they wanted light. He muſt firſt ſhine on *earth*, that will after ſhine in *heaven*; and burne on *earth*, that will not burne in *hell*.

Reſt is the *whetſtone* of labour. And that which we uſually ſay of hope, is true of this, if it were not for reſt, the heart would breake: wherefore *God* hath given for every *day* a *night* to reſt in, and for every *ſeven*, a *day* and a *night*. We could not live

if wee had not this, yet this muſt not be our life, to live at eaſe, he ſhal never enter into *Gods* reſt, that ſo loves his owne.

Every one almoſt, with the *Iewes*, is weather-wiſe and prognoſticates without booke, *when you ſee a cloud ariſe out of the weſt, ye ſay there comes a ſhowre*, &c. hypocrites that can diſcerne the face of the *weather*, and not of the times: how vainely are men inquiſitive for the proviſion of their *bodies*, and let their *ſoules* ſhift? you wil not *plant* or *graft* with-

without consulting with your *neighbours*, and your *almanack*; but in the point of *salvation* huddle on, and the *Minister* and *Gods* Word is not intended: How ill holp up art thou to know the state of the *heavens*, and not of thy *soule*? If thou wilt needs contemplate *it*, behold it as thy *home*, not as thy *Calendar*, to better not thy *knowledge*, but thy life, or thy knowledge of a *better* life, and thy desire of that place where the Father of life is, and where thou desirest to live.

God made not *death*, neither delights He in the *destruction* of the living: ô h *God*, suffer not that which thou diddest not make, to prevaile over that which thou hast made and *redeemed*. Man is the *glory* of His maker, and thy glory thou wilt not give to another; and suffer not us to sell that glory thou hast already given, that wee lose not our share of that glorie thou hast yet to give.

In some cases and some *things*, a man may know

know *too much*. It is not good to bee prying into the *privie Counsailes* of God: I doubt whether some mens overboldnesse with the *hidden* things of God, have not made them an *accursed* thing to them; and pressing before their *time* or *leave*, into the *Holy of Holy's*, have barr'd themselves from ever comming thither at all: why should wee call for *light*, where GOD will have none, & make windowes into heaven? I will admire God in Himselfe, and bee content to *know* Him

Him no farther than in His *word* where this light leaves mee, I will leave enquiring, and boast of my *ignorance*.

What I have already done, was done long before, and what I am yet to do, is already done before *God*; this shall be my *comfort*, that I can neither *doe* nor *suffer* any thing, without His *knowledge* and *leave*.

God hath given man charge of His *other* creatures, and His *Angells* charge over Him, and they

they are now our keepers that ſhall be one day our *companions*; great is His love to us in their care, and great ſhould our care be to continue this love; and ſince we are alwaies in *His ſight*, and *theirs*, why doe wee at all that which wee would not have ſeene? My care ſhal be, not to *ſhun* His ſight, but not to *provoke* His anger: what I *doe*, He *ſees*: and I will doe it as I would *anſwer* it.

Thoſe that honour mee, will I honour: is a bargaine of *Gods* owne making:

making: *Gods* honour is the way to ours, we cannot but be *bleſt*, if we wil but bee *obſervant*. I will care onely to ſeve *Him*, and I am ſure I ſhal ſerve my ſelfe. Never any man loſt in Gods ſervice.

Hee who dwels not in *tabernacles* made with hands, will dwell in *tabernacles* which His own hands have made, even the hearts of men: and we enjoy Him, though wee doe not *ſee* Him, for no man hath ſeene God at any time; He is *inviſible*, but not *inſenſible*. Our bleſſed,

blessednesse consists *here* in *feeling* of Him; in *heaven*, in *seeing* of Him, whom yet I doe not see, and shall one day see as I am seene: in the meane time, I will doe nothing which I would not have Him see, or may rob me of His sight.

I have read of the *Hart* that hee weepes every yeere for the shedding of his head, though to make roome for a *better*: thus I see the *worldling* goe away sorrowfull at that saying; *Goe, sell all that thou hast*, though it be for trea-

treasure in Heaven, men do nor look at what they are to have, but what they are to part with, and are for one bird in the *hand*, above five in the *bush*; but he that consults with his body for the saving of his soule, will never bring it to heaven: let me *sowe in teares*, so I may *reape in joy*, I will be contented with the heaven I *shall* have.

Many a man is therefore sinfull, because it is *gainfull*. By *Diana* wee live, that shall bee their *god*, that they can live by; but

but he traffieks ill for his *ſoule*, that loſeth it to fill his *coffers*. I had rather be *poore* than *wicked*; it is not thy poverty but thy *ſins* that ſhut thee out from God; it is better going to heaven in *ragges*, than to hell in *purple*.

It is with the growth of our *ſoule*, as with the creation of our *Bodie*; we come up by *degrees*: Firſt, with *Nicodemus*, we muſt be *borne* againe, and then we muſt dwell a while at the *ſucking-bottle*, from ſtrength to ſtrength: with the *Eunuch*, from reading the Scrip-

Scriptures to *understanding* them; from understanding to *applying*, from applying to *practising*; of *hearers* we become *knowers*, of knowers *doers* of the Word; from perfection to perfection, or rather from imperfection to perfection, from persecuting the Church with *Paul* to preaching to it: till we come from *Dives* doore to *Abraham's* bosome, from eating and drinking, from marrying and giving in marriage, to be as the Angels in heaven.

Many live as if they came

came but into this world to make merry & away, and after some yeares of quaffing with *Nabal*, dye of a drunken fit: it were wel for such men, as they have liv'd like *beasts*, if they could dye like them too, never to *live* againe: but *alas* they canot, here's their misery, that they only leave their pleasures behinde them, and not their sinnes. I wil labour to leave my Sinnes behinde mee, and have my *repentance* goe before me, and my good works follow after me, and I shall meet with pleasures that never

never ſhall have an end.

The eares are the dores of the ſoule; without theſe we were but artificiall creatures, men onely in *ſhew*: hence we *know*, we *diſcourſe*, we *beleeve*, we learne to ſpeake to *God*, and heare God *ſpeak* to us; without theſe we could not ſpeake, not know, not underſtand; in a word, by theſe (under God) wee are what wee are; but ſome there are that *cannot* heare, others that *will not* heare. It is a leſſe judgement to want the *power* of hearing

than

than the *will*; to be *borne* deafe, than to *become* so; they that *cannot* heare are the more excusable, but they that *will not* heare, it were far better for such if they had no eares.

Every *envious* man is a *mad-man*, for he will *starve* himselfe, to see another *thrive*; hee needs no other *Lent*, than his neighbours well-fare; other mens prosperity is his *gallowes*; where hee wil hang himselfe a hundred times over, and at last, with *Achitophel*, once for all: I will not so de-

sire

desire of God to have much, as not to covet much: hee that can but thinke his owne *enough*, wil never think anothers *too much*. I will never grudge any mans going before mee, but to *Heaven*.

Most men look for the *theefs* Paradise, to meete with CHRIST upon His *crosse*, Heaven upon his *death-bed*, and reserves his repentance, as the *best* bit, for the *last*, and meane to goe out of the *world*, and out of their sinnes all together. But how shall

God

God then heare them that before could not be heard of them? In this case it is good being *formost*; why should'st thou put off repentance till to *morrow*, when for ought thou know'st thy soule is going to *hell* this night without thee?

God give thee of the dew of *heaven*, and of the fatnesse of the *earth*, was *Isaaks* blessing to mistaken *Iacob*. First of the dew of *heaven*, and then of the fatnesse of the *earth*, (for alas what is earth without a blessing from

from heaven:) but of *Esau* quite contrary, first of the fatnesse of the *earth*, and then of the dew of *heaven*; your *Esau's* prefer earth before heaven, and therefore have their heaven upon earth; God gives them as much as they care for: *Ishmael* shall be made a great nation, and that's enough; but hee goes a wrong course for his soule, that thinkes preferrement is the way to happinesse. My endevour shall be not to leave a name behinde me upon earth, but to find it written in heaven.

The

The Sun is plac'd in the heaven, as the hart in this little world of ours, keeping its seate in the middle, lends life to every part, whereas if it had beene seated *above*, it would have beene miss'd *below*; and if below, it could not so easily have communicated above; so that I know not whether wee owe more to God, for *creating* the Sunne, or for *placing* it; not in the lowest sphere, then (like another *Phaeton*) instead of *lighting* the world, it had *burnt* it;

or did it change place with the higher planets, we ſhould complayne of cold, ſo wiſely hath God provided for our welfare, with our being, and hath ſet the Sunne not too neare us, leſt wee ſhould complaine of it, nor too farre, leſt wee ſhould want it, but in the middle, where it is neither an ill *neighbour*, nor too great a *ſtranger*: when wee doe but looke upon what we *have*, we cannot diſtruſt *God* for what we have not, and would have. Oh *God*, they deſerve to *want*, that can diſtruſt

distrust thee in sight of these.

Whatsoever was necessarie for our *preservation*, was *created*; and whatsoever was necessary for our *salvation*, was *written*. I will neither desire to *know* more than *God* hath *revealed*, nor to *have* more than He hath *provided*.

Great mens actions are authenticke: If *Herod* and *Caiphas* but begin, *Christ* shall have sifts enough about His eares; if *Abimelech* lead the way, e-

very man cuts his bough and askes no queſtion: with inferiours, *Example* doth more than *Precept*; and like men in a *ſtreame*, they doe not *ſwimme*, but are *carried*: Doe any of the *Rulers* beleeve in him? is thought argument enough why *others* ſhould not; theſe ſee but by *their* candle, and if the *light* be darkneſſe, how great is their darkneſſe? I wil do nothing which I would not have *God* ſee, and others *learne*; elſe my light were better under a buſhell, *unſeene*, than *follow'd* where it ſhould not; thus

I

I ſhall helpe, not to *light* others, but to *burne* them.

Of *idleneſſe* comes no *goodneſſe*, doing *nothing* will in time come to doing *ill*, and from being *idle*, to be *ill* occupied; the labour that is impos'd upon the ſoule is not to ſit ſtill, but to *runne*. Good men muſt not bee like *Davids* images that have *feete*, and *walke* not; then only have we hope to come to our journies end, when we keepe *going*.

Some mens devotion is like *hangings*, which they can take off, and tack on as they please; outsides of Christians: their hands and their eyes like some tombe which they have mark'd, are *lifted up*; and they talke as the *divell* to our Saviour; nothing but *Scripture*: and with the *Pharisee* give farthings in the *market-place*; and yet al's but *alchymie*, but counterfeit: these are ill men, but well thought of. If I am not what I should be, yet I will not seeme what I am

am not, or be an ill man in good esteeme; what am I the better, to bee a Cast-away with credit?

What is GOD to me without CHRIST? and what is CHRIST to mee without *faith*? and what is my faith to me without *charity*, but a *dead* faith? and if my *faith* be *dead*, what am I else but a *dead man*? As it is vain-glory to boast of our workes, so it is in vain to boast of our faith without works.

God, as He loves *young* holinesse, so He loves it

old; *ye are those that have continued with me, &c.* was the praise of the *Apostles*; *Perseverance* is the pillar of our salvation: if that fail, all goes to the ground. What commendation is it to *have* done well? If thou hast forsaken thy first *love*, thou hast lost thy first *hopes*. Hee must carry his goodnesse to his *grave*, that will have it carry him to heaven.

If we looke but on our *bodies*, we have matter enough of *wonder*, to see such a *Common-wealth* of order; such a *world* of varieties

rieties in this little world of ours: But when wee cast our eye aside, on that part wherein wee resemble *God*, the *soule*; how doe we *blush*, and are asham'd at our houses of *clay*? that so glorious an Image should dwell so *meanly*, so pent up? that the *Body* should bee a companion for the *Soule*, which shall one day bea companion for *Angels*? but thus was *God* pleas'd to allay our *pride*. Wee should have thought too well of our selves, if we had not had some *peece* of us, like other creatures,

of the earth, *earthie*. It ſhal not trouble me what metall my *body* be made of; if my *Soule* bee *heavenly*, my *body* ſhall *one* day be ſo too.

When *God* ſaw the thoughts of mans heart that they were *evill*, and onely *evill*, and *continually*: It is ſaid, it *repented* Him that Hee had made man; & that man whom He ſhall ſee ſo ſtill, will have juſt cauſe to repent him that ever hee was made, if he doth not *repent* him of what he hath done. *God* make me but truly

truly penitent for my *ſin*, and I ſhall never repent me of my *being*.

It is a great way, and requires a long time to come to *heaven*; I admire their *ſtrength*, or rather *weakeneſſe*, that talke of getting it at the laſt *gaſpe*, as if it could be had with a *wet* finger: I know thoſe that have liv'd ſome yeeres, and taken ſome *paines* too, to ſet themſelves forward, and if they come thither at *laſt*, wil think they have done *well* too; for my owne part, I neither *deſire*, nor

hope

hope to enjoy it without a great deale of *difficulty*, *anguish*, and *agonie*: and shall thinke it labour well bestowed, that I have it upon any termes.

Men usually measure *others* by their owne *bushels*: they that are *ill* themselves, are commonly apt to thinke *ill* of *others*: since no man is free from *slanders*, I will not presently beleeve the *worst* of any man, but I will speake onely the best.

Our

Our greateſt enemies are *within* us: and therefore our greateſt victory is to ſubdue *our ſelves*: there is no ſuch *ſlavery* as to be a ſlave to ones ſelf; it is a ſtrange *weakeneſſe*, but *ordinary*, to bee at every mans becke, but our owne.

Olde men are twice *children*; and ſome, as if they were children for *yeares* againe, as well as for *diſcretion*, wax moſt *worldly* when they are *leaving* the world; and as their bodies draw neerer the

the *earth*, ſo their minds grow more *earthie*; as if they were to live anew againe, or ſhould ſet up againe *under-ground*: It is good and commendable to uſe theſe things while wee have them, yet ſtill ſo, as remembring wee muſt *part* with them. I wil never be loth to part with that which I cannot enjoy long, for to enjoy that which I ſhall *never* part with.

Every man for himſelfe, and God for us all, is a *common* poſition, but an *ungodly* one; that *God* is all

all in *us*, and all in *all*, is true; but that we ſhould bee all for our *ſelves*, is *wicked*: every man for himſelfe, and every man for another, Thou, it may bee, haſt enough, and to *ſpare*, another hath not enough to *live*; why hath *God* given thee ſo *much* above others, but that thou ſhould'ſt ſpare ſomwhat of thine to *releeve* others? It may be thine owne caſe; Every man knowes his *beginning*, not his *ending*: in the meane time, thank *God* that thou art not ſo, and help thoſe that are.

The

The barrenneſſe of the *bodie* is ſometime a curſe, but the barrenneſſe of the *ſoule* is *accurſed*; that is a *puniſhment*, this a *ſin*, and puniſhed with *hell*. We came not into this world, meerely to fill up *roome*, but to bring forth fruit, not for *ſhew*, but for *uſe*: Our chiefe ſtudy muſt be not for *eaſe*, for *riches*, or *pleaſure*, but *fruitfulneſſe*: If we are all for *pleaſure*, our fruit is *hell*; and if we are *fruitfull*, our pleaſures ſhall never end.

Bleſſed

Bleſſed are they which dye in the Lord, for they reſt from their labours: in this world, there is nothing but *dangers* and *diſcontents*, *vanitie* and *vexation*: then only ſhall we be at *reſt*, when we ceaſe to *bee*: If wee thought more of *this*, wee would not thinke much of our *affliction*. If I am never ſo beleaguer'd with *ſickneſſe*, or *want*, or *famine*, or all at once, I will remember I came not into this world to take up my reſt, but to *prepare* for it.

That

That ground is verie hard, where the travellers foot leaves no impression: and that heart's very *ſtonie*, where *Gods* bleſſing not only takes no *root*, but leaves no *ſigne*; as ſoone *forgotten* as *receiv'd*: 'tis all He askes for all He doth, a thankfull heart. With what face can wee expect *God* ſhould give *us* our asking, that deny *Him* His?

God made other creatures for *mans* ſervice, man for His *owne*: them for our *uſe*, and us for His *glorie*:

glorie : How much, O Lord, do we owe to thee for our selves and them, that hast so abounded to us, above them, and hast not made them but for us ? Teach us to give our selves to thee, for them ; who hast given them to us, for our selves

God is glorified in *all* His creatures, but not in all *alike* ; some glorifie Him in their *beauty*, others in their *deformity* : His glory is not lesse seene in our *wants*, than in our abundance : in striking

king with *blindneſſe*, than in *healing* the blinde; no leſſe in *Ieroboams* arme *dryed* up, than *reſtor'd*: therfore doe we ſee ſome want their *ſight*, others their *feet*; and yet it may be neither for the *childs* ſinne, nor the *Parents*, as our Saviour told the people, but that the glory of *God* might be ſeene. Againe, we ſee not only by *nature*, but by *accident*; one, with *Mephiboſheth*, by the negligence of a nurſe; another with *Abimelech*, by the fall of a ſtone loſe a *limme*, or their *life*: when wee ſee

this

this in others, and not in our ſelves; how are wee not thankfull to *God* for our ſelves beyond others? *Lepers* in Soule (*God* knowes) and it is His mercy we are not ſo in Bodie; whereby wee ſhould at once neede the *helpe*, and want the *company* of friends, and not onely bee *miſerable*, but *ſhunn'd*. I will prayſe *God*, not only for the *good* which I have, but for the *evil* which I might have, and have not.

Our SAVIOVR knew what He did, when Hee taught us to pray: *Our* FATHER *which art in Heaven, &c.* To *give* us, and to *forgive* us, for He *onely* can doe both; none can forgive *sinnes*, or give *grace*, but God alone; Yet doth He not alwaies give with His *owne hand*, but reacheth grace and salvation in His *Word* and *Sacraments*, by the hands of His Ministers; and because no man can heare His voyce and *live*, Hee speakes in *them*; it is the wonder of His goodnes that

that He respects not only our *wants*, but our *infirmities*, and would so appeare to us, as He might *teach* us, but not *fright* us: Thus wee see him speaking to *Moses* himselfe, to *Israel* by *Moses*: He proportions the meanes answerable to our *strength*; wee are not like our *Maker*, if we think scorne to *stoope* to the weaknesse of our *brethren*. I will be all things to all, that by any means I may win some.

A good *tree* is knowne by its *fruit*; yet all trees doe

doe not beare the same fruit; our fruit may be all good, though it bee not all the *same*: all are not workers of *miracles*; 'tis not lookt wee should remove *Mountaines*, or walke upon the *Sea*, command the *winds*, or appease the *waters*: there are other fruits of the Spirit, that wee must beare: Now the fruits of the Spirit are these, *love, peace, joy, long-suffering, &c.* GOD make us fruitfull in *these*, and wee shall have no neede of *those*.

The

The end of all our SAVIOVRS miracles, for the moſt part was, *ſee you tell no man*: It is one leſſon in Religion, not to be *ſeene*: and yet not *preciſely* not to bee ſeene, but not therefore to doe well, *to be ſeene*: our commendations muſt be to *doe*, and not *ſay*; or if we ſay any thing, ſay, *we are unprofitable ſervants*.

As the outward ſervice of the body, without the inward ſincerity of the heart, is *unprofitable*: ſo the contrary is *unci-*

vil; *Gods* ſervice requires *reverence*, as well as *holineſſe*. Many go to *God* as they do to their companions, not *kneeling*, but *ſitting*, or *lolling along*; as if they were the *Iudge*, not the *petitioner*, or were to *grant* ſuits, not to begge ſome; and that unreverentneſſe which they would not, nay, which they *durſt* not uſe to this or that *Mr. Gentleman*, they uſe to God: this is neither becomming *Chriſtians*, nor reaſonable, or at leaſt civill men.

It is the fault of *envie*, that

that it ſees nothing but *injuries*; but of charity that it ſees none, or takes no notice of them; but when *one* cheek is ſtruck, it turnes the *other*: and when it can turne no way, lyes downe under the ſtroke: he that will be righting himſelfe of every wrong, doth but pluck more fiſts about his eares, and ſet *God* againſt him too: who, if hee would but be quiet, wold revenge it to his hands; unleſſe we doubt of His *power*, wee will truſt *God* with our wrongs; and ſtay His leiſure, that is

the fitteſt time for our deliverance, which Hee *thinkes* ſo; in this caſe we are like men in a pit, the more we *ſtirre*, the more we are mired.

I ſee MOSES in the *Mount*, and with the people, with a different face; open to GOD, veil'd to *them*; GOD would not alwaies have us ſhew our brightneſſe to the world: in ſome caſes Hee loves our talent in a *napkin*, lapt up and hid. Let it ſuffice, He *knowes* thee, that will *reward* thee: others, if they commend thee not,

it

it is becauſe they know thee not; or if they doe commend thee, there's all, and it may bee to thy coſt. Why ſhouldeſt thou loſe Heaven for good words? or what art thou the better, that others commend thee, if *God* doe not? who therefore doth not, becauſe they do: I will never care to have my prayſe *aſcend up* to heaven, but to come *downe* from Heaven.

Bleſſed are the mercifull, for they ſhall receive mercie: GOD's promiſes, though they be gracious,

yet they are *confin'd*: and he only ſhall *receive* mercy that *ſhewes* mercy; all the *wrongs* thou receiv'ſt, cannot equall one *ſinne* thou committeſt, and art forgiven: now when *God* hath forgiven thee thy *hundred Talents*, which thou owedſt, and couldſt not pay: do not with the *evill ſervant*, take thy *brother* by the throat for *two*; be not ſo *cruell* to others, that haſt *God* ſo *mercifull* to thee: freely thou art *forgiven*, freely *forgive*; with *what meaſure yee mete unto others, with the ſame ſhall it bee* mea-

measured to you againe, and if you give, you shall *receive* good measure; not only *shaken* together and *pressed* down, but *running* over.

God, as He doth not let goodnesse go *unrequited,* so doth He not requite it with a *little,* or *inch* of it His blessings. He never hath done enough for those that love Him; one good turne drawes on another, and Hee is ever thinking, What could I doe more for my Vineyard that I have not done? There is no paines of ours which fals to the

ground *unaccepted, unrewarded*, who would not ſerve that maſter, whoſe ſervice is perfect freedome, and the wages eternall life? I cannot be more mine owne friend, than by being GOD's ſervant, and the Worlds enemy.

Our *bodies* waxe *weaker*, as they waxe *older*; our *ſinnes*, as they waxe older, they waxe *ſtronger*; I will labour to be old in *goodneſſe*, and I cannot complain of *weakneſſe*; let mee but be too

too ſtrong for my ſinnes, and I have ſtrength enough.

Some men doe not revenge injuries, becauſe they *cannot*, they want *power*; others becauſe they want *opportunitie*, and doe but wait with *Eſau: the dayes of the mourning for my father are at hand, and then I will ſlay my brother.* It is no goda-mercie to paſſe over injuries when we can doe no other, he is not innocent that is ſo *perforce*: then is our goodneſſe

commendable, when we *may* hurt, and will not.

It is the *fault* of the world, yet it is the *fashion* of it, to put off *God* to the laſt; the fall of the leafe will ſerve his turne: and thinke one *ſigh* at their *death* enough for all their lives before: but true repentance, as it is not for a *ſpurt*, ſo it is not done in an *inſtant*. He that goes about thorowly to make riddance of his ſinnes, ſhall finde it a long buſineſſe; ſinnes are not like *ſervants*, to be gone at a *quarters* warning.

In

In many things we offend all, is the voyce of an *Apostle*; the best have their faults, he is happy that hath *least* and *fewest*. I can never bee so holy as to have no sinnes: my care shall bee to repent me of those I have; if my repentance be daily, my score shall never bee long.

Youth, and holinesse, doe not meet often; to see a young man dead to sin, and ready for death, is *admirable*, but *rare*; it is a good thing to be good betimes,

betimes, ſinnes as they growe old they growe luſty, and if they once get head, they know no maſter, it is a harder matter to *reſtore* to godlineſſe, than to *make* godly; for there muſt bee a *dedocebo te, &c.* an unteaching of that evill, which they before learned, before there can be an inſertion of that good which they muſt after practiſe. Cuſtome will alter *nature*, and an uſe of ſinning make them in love with ſinne; it is rarely ſeene that a young *divel* proves an old *Saint*.

I

I will so begin, as I would hold out, with GOD; otherwise, it is ill that I have begun, but worse that I hold not out.

GOD *desires* not the death of a sinner, but that is not all; He doth not onely not *delight* in our ruine, but He desires our *recoverie*. If wee *repent*, He *spares* us; if we return, Hee receives us: for the first, mercy to forgive; for the second, an *Abrahams* bosome to receive; if we wander, He recals us; if we be obstinate, he in-

intreats us: if we come but ſlowly, He will ſtay for us: in *all* His workes He is wonderfull; but in His workes of *mercy*, Hee exceeds. I will never deſpaire of that goodneſſe that hath no bounds; my ſinnes are infinite, but not *unpardonable*. Hee was once a *perſecutor*, who was after an *Apoſtle*: and not behind the beſt of the Apoſtles, that was once before the worſt of the *Iewes* for cruelty: God is able to make of a caſt-away, a *convert*; of a theefe, a *diſciple*: of *ſtones*, children: of dead men, living.

living Saints; if the diſeaſe be deſperat, the cure is the glory of the Phyſician: the recoverie is more remarkeable of a *dead* man to life, than of a *ſicke* man: if the danger were not great, there were leſſe prayſe of our redemption: but when our ſinnes are gone over our heads, when the beame of the timber, and the ſtone in the wall cry us guilty; when thou art poſſeſt, and not as *Mary Magdalen*, with a *few* divils, but with *Legions*: not one ſinne, or ſmall ſinnes, or a few ſinnes, ſeven

ſeven divels, as it is ſaid of her, but paſt number; like the ſtarres or the ſands; and of the worſt ſort of divells too, that cannot eaſily be caſt out, but with *faſting* and *praier*, and haſt not onely *committed* them, but *lived* in them, and art now *dead* in them: when we have thus loſt our ſelves, and *Him*, to bee found of *Him*, and brought to our *ſelves*, *puſles* us for thankes: His *armes* are ever open, onely our *hearts* are ſhut: wee receive not, becauſe wee *aske* not; we are not received

ceived, becauſe wee returne not, or returne to our vomit; It is but juſt, when wee turne to our ſinnes, that GOD turne to His judgements: either wee muſt bee cut off *in* our ſinnes, or *from* them.

Salvation is the *gift* of God, it is *given*, and yet it is *got* with a great deale of ſtruggling; thou muſt *faſt*, and *watch*, and *fight* (as Saint *Paul* ſayes) and as Saint *Paul* did too, not onely with *beaſts*, after the manner

ner of men (though wicked men are beasts in a manner) but with *principalities*, and *powers*; not the *Ægyptians*, but the *Anakims*, Gyant sinnes, growne temptations. My glory shall be not to have no sinnes, but to have the *mastery*; not that I am not set upon, but not *beaten*.

That we shall all dye, we all know; *when* wee shall dye, *God* knowes but how any man should be *dead* while he is *alive*, is strange wil some think and would bee glad to know:

know: yet ſo it is, ſin is a *death*, and every obſtinate ſinner is dead for the time. Some with *Iairus* daughter, are not dead but ſleepe: others with *Lazarus*, are not onely *dead*, but *ſtinke*: and it is with ſinne as with ſickneſſe, it weakens by degrees: firſt, it diſtempers the palate of the ſoule, or ſpoiles the ſtomacke, ſo that either it refuſeth meat, or diſtaſtes it, or puts it up againe: and next it takes away the ſenſe that they feele not their ſinnes, and then are remedileſſe; and as our Sa-

Saviour told the *Iewes*, they wil die in their ſins; and this is a death men care not to beacquainted with til they bepaſt *cure*: and then only thinke of *Heaven*, when they are going to *hell*, and after forty or fifty yeares living, know not what belongs to dying, more than, with *Ezekiah*, to turne their face to the wall, and weepe when it comes: The way to dye willingly, is to *con* death before hand, he that hath ſpent his life in providing for his death, is not troubled at his *death* how to be

be provided of a better *life*. My care ſhall be, not how I may not dye yet, but how I may live ever.

Proſperitie is a great enemy to goodnes, how hardly doe thoſe which have *riches* enter into the Kingdome of Heaven? I heare *Iſrael* praying in *Ægypt*, quarrelling in the *wilderneſſe*? When they were at their brick-kills, they would be at their *devotion*, and no ſooner are they at *eaſe*, but they are wrangling for their *fleſh-pots*: I thinke many a man had not been ſo bad, if he had

had but beene *poore*. It is the saying of a wise Father, that *Salomons wealth* did him more hurt, than his *wisdom* did him good. *Trouble* and *want* doe that many times, which faire meanes cannot: *wealth*, like knowledge, puffs up, when *poverty* (as their infirmities did many in the Gospel) make men flock to CHRIST. I will never pray more hartily to God for His *blessings*, than for grace to use them; nor to lessen my *miseries*, but to add to my *strength*. Though my afflictions be *many* or *often*,

so

so my strength be equal, I shall get by them; the stronger my *tryall*, the greater will I be both my *victorie*, and my *reward*.

The way to live *ever*, is to live *well*; there is no way to *everlasting life*, but a *good* life: it is not living at *ease*, or at *randome*, or at *racke* and *manger*, in *pompe* and *plentie*, *mirth* and *follity*, and with *Saul*, think to drive away the divell with *musicke*. *God* cares not how *rich*, or how *powerful* thou art, but how *good*. We should so live as wee may have joy

joy of our life, and bee made partaker of those joyes, and that life which are for ever.

There are many dead men and many deaths; there is a death *in* sinne, and a death *for* sinne, and a death *to* sinne; the two first wee may thanke our selves for, if wee had not known sinne, we had not known death, but the last we must thanke *God* for, it is from Him that wee dye *to* sinne, that have deserv'd to dye *for* it, who Himselfe dyed for us, & hath taken our sins upon

Him,

Him, and at once delivered us from the ſting of death, and the ſtrength of ſinne. And *thankes bee to God who hath given us this victory through our Lord* IESVS CHRIST.

We are in this world, as *Iſrael* in the wildernes: and *Chriſt* is to us as *Moſes* was to them; if Hee leave us, wee know not which way to turne us; *nature* cannot carry us to *God*. Here all our ſufficiency is from Him, and we ſay wel in our praier, *for thine is the power and the glory*; and it is by that

power, that wee come to that *glory*, our ſtrength is but *borrowed*; our ſtanding, but leaning upon His arme; our going, but leading in His hand. It is with us as it was with S. *Paul* upon the way, wee muſt be led, we muſt be carried to God: we muſt pray, *turne us, O Lord, unto thee, and we ſhall be turned.* Of our ſelves wee are unable to goe, yet draw us, and wee ſhall runne after thee; ſo ſhall wee come *to* thee, *with* thee, that are rather *images*, that have *feete* and *walke* not, *without* thee.

It

It is betweene ſome *ſinners* and *God*, as betweene ſome men & their *creditors*; all their care is how to bee truſted, not how to pay. My *firſt* care ſhall be as little as I can to come in *Gods* debt, and my next care how to come out of it.

Our *goodneſſe* muſt be that part of the *wallet* that hangs *behinde* us, ſeene of *others*, not of our ſelves: our *ſinnes* muſt bee that part that hangs *before* us, ſeene both of others, and our ſelves. To *conceale*

sinne, was never the way to be *forgiven* it; or what art thou the safer, that thou canst *conceale* it from *men*, and not from *God*? I had rather be *censur'd* for my sin, than be *damned* for it.

As in *Moralitie*, so in *Divinitie*, not to goe *forward*, is to goe *backwards*; and not to *thrive* in goodnesse, is not to be good. When I compare what I *am*, with what I *have* beene, I am not a little proud; but when I compare what I *should* bee, with what I *am*, with *Peter*

ter I begin to *ſinke*; only here's my comfort, I ſhall be receiv'd, not according to what I am, but what I am in *Chriſt*.

Every good heart is accuſer, judge, and executioner of its own faults Why ſhould I bee afraid of ſtanding at the tribunall of my owne *conſcience*, and not of *God*? at one I muſt; and if I judge my ſelfe, I ſhall not bee judged: I will prevent *Gods* judgments with my owne, and the feare of what I ſhould ſuffer, with the *ſorow* for what I have

done: to him only is the *last* judgement terrible, that ſhunnes the *firſt*.

Wicked men, as they make moſt *ſhew* of mirth, ſo they have *leaſt*; their *heart* and their *face* do not agree: they carrie that in their owne boſome, that ſpoyles their *laughing*: they are alwaies purſued by themſelves, and encountred with their own thoughts. Their ſleepe is *dreaming*, and they *dreame* of thoſe judgements in their ſleepe, which they have *deſerv'd* waking: every noyſe is of

of *thunder*, and everie thunder is of the *last* day; every ſhadow is a ſpirit, and their ſinnes are ſo many divels about them: they have a double hell, they dy a thouſād deaths here, and hereafter die eternally. There is no joy like the joy in the *Holy Ghoſt*: Nay, there is no joy but *that*, and that is as farre above all *earthly* joy, as our *heavenly* joy ſhall be above this, *Hallelujah* above *Hoſanna*. Let mee but have this *within*, & I care not how the ſquare goe *without*?

Death to the *wicked* ever comes *unwelcome*, because they ſee it in its *worſt* ſhape, *ghaſtly*. Faine they would not goe, and goe they muſt, it is impoſſible they ſhould *live* ſtill, but it is *intolerable* to be ſtill dying, which is the life they are to live, a *living death*. I will pray *God* ſo to ſeaſon this life to me, as I may not be in love with it, and ſo to remember me of my *death*, as I may not be *afraid* of it; and in my life ſo to prepare me for my *death*, that at my death I may not

not onely bee prepared, but assured of a better life.

When I remember the sinnes I have already *committed*, and some, it may be, not throughly *repented* of; and those which I do hourely *commit*, and some it may be not taken *notice* of: so many of *infirmity* stealing upon me, and other *stronger* sinnes breaking in upon me: I doe not *will* that good which I should, or want *power* to that will, or *perseverance* to that power: I am at a stand with the

Apostle, and thinke, *miserable man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death?* Even Hee that delivered His *body* to *death* for mee: Oh God, thou that workest in me, both to *will*, and to *doe*, worke *my* will to *thine*; *da Domine quod jubes. &c.* Give but power to *obey*, and what thou wilt, *command*.

Death is as hatefull to man, as old *age* to *beautie*; & we are ever complaining of the shortnesse of our time, unlesse *calamitie* make it seeme long, which

which yet if they be never so litle over, they are weary of that which before they wished for, *death*: as I will not be in love with *tribulations*, so I wil not love my life the worse for them, nor the better for wanting them: if *prosperity* make me fond of *living*, or afraid of *dying*, it had been better for mee, if it had not been so well; I shall pay deare for my *ease*.

It is better to goe into the house of mourning, than into the house of laughter: nay, the way to the house of

of *laughter*, is through the houſe of *mourning*: ſo our *Saviour*, *Bleſſed are they that mourne, for they ſhall be comforted*: Mirth, like *Salomons* ſtrumpets, leads to the chambers of death; and the voluptuous man goes *out* of this World, as he came *into* it, *crying*; and into *another* world, where there is nothing but *weeping*. It is a great weakeneſſe to *defer* to doe that which *muſt* bee done, if I muſt once *weepe*, I will doe it *now*. It is better to cry for *remorſe*, than for *anguiſh*.

There

There were no such *tyrant* upon earth, as the *envious* man, if he had but his *will*, no man should live a quiet life, or dye a naturall death, but himselfe; hee sees his neighbours house burning, and *warmes* him by the fire, and is refreshed: there is no *estate* that he hath not a quarrell to, nor *person*: his *equals* hee hates, because they are his equals: his *inferiors*, because they are not his equals: and his *superiors*, because he is not their equall: he is an enemy to *all mens* peace, but

but moſt of al to his *own*, and I think if he were put to it, himſelfe knowes not what hee would be, or have others be. It is the greateſt vanity in the world, to runne mad for others pleaſures: what if I have not the ſame *thing* or in the ſame *meaſure*? I have enough to ſerve my turne, if they have *more*, yet they muſt *account* for it, and I will never envy any man, that hee hath more to anſwer for to God, than I have; I ſhall not account for the talents which I never had.

Gods

Gods *bleſsings*, and our *thankes*, muſt ever goe hand in hand, one good turne requires another. Wee muſt not thinke to ſerve our ſelves of God, and not ſerve Him; His bleſſings are not only *encouragements*, or *rewards*, but *bonds*. Of theſe, the more we *have*, the more we *owe*, and our care muſt be, not onely to *receive*, but to repay. Why ſhould we ſtrive to come out of every mans debt, but GODS.

The charity of *forgiving*

ving, is more difficult than that of *giving*, and more worth, by how much our *selves* are more deare to to us than our *goods*; in the one wee are *doers*, but in the other *sufferers*, and many a man would *doe* for another, that would not *suffer* for him: I am but halfe a Christian, if I have only learn'd to *pitty*, and not to *forgive*: we cannot at once, remember our *profession*, and our wrongs; if they bee *small*, the matter is the lesse; if they be *great*, our glory is the more: nor only our *glo-*

rie,

rie, but our *reward*; it is our owne faults, if wee be not gainers by our *injuries*.

Gluttony is not onely a *sinne*, but a *disease*: not onely to be *forbidden*, but to bee *afraid* of; other *sinnes* hurt in *future*, this in *present*, and robbes not only of *eternal* life, but of *this*, and destroies the *body* together with the *soul*. Our bodies were not given for *cellarage*, to lay in bread and beere in. I will remember, that I was not therefore borne, or doe live, meerely to

eat

eat and *drinke*; but therefore eat and drinke, that I may continue life.

I have ſeldome known any wickedneſſe ſo hainous, that had not *clients* as well as *patrons*. *Corah* had cõpanions with him in his *ſinne*, before in his *puniſhment*. But *innocency* doth not goe by *voyces*. I will never looke at my *partners*, but my *cauſe*. I deſire no other Advocates, but GOD and the *truth*.

It was the accuſation of the *old* world, that *they were*

were eating and drinking, till they entred, &c. and is ſtill of *this*, and will be ſo to the end, though this were not the end of our being, but for the continuance of it: I will uſe my *meat*, as others doe their *Phyſicke*, onely for *health*, to ſatisfie not my *deſire*, but my *ſtomacke*. I can a great deale cheaper and ſafer, feede my *belly* than my *eye*.

Wee ſee men ſet not their beſt wares upon the *ſtalls*, but *within*, *lap'd* up; it is neither *commendable*, nor *wiſe*, to ſhew our *excellen-*

cellencies (as *Musicians do*) in all companies; what are we the better, that we thinke wel of our selves, while others thinke not so? Or what are we the worse, that others thinke meanly of us, while wee thinke so too? Since thou art never the better for thy *self-conceitednesse*, nor the worse for thy *humility*, why shouldst thou make thy selfe envied for those graces which thou hast, by *shewing them*, and derided for making shew of those thou hast not, and would'st seeme to have? and art at once noted

noted of men for a *boaſter*, and of *God* for a diſſembler? I will be content to be lowly in mine owne eſteem, and others, that I may bee high in *Gods*.

A handſome garment is no argument of a ſtrait body: thoſe are not alwayes the *beſt* men that make the moſt *ſhew* of holineſſe. *Demureneſſe* may ſtand with falſhood: *Pretences* are evermore ſuſpitious, they that are ever *perfum'd*, 'tis to be thought have naturally ill breaths, we muſt not ever

ever beleeve our ſenſes: goodneſſe is plaine, and would be knowne by her *workes*, but not tell of them; whileſt *hypocriſie* is painted to hide it's wrinckles, and would be taken forbetter than it is, and with the *figge-tree*, it ſhall bee curſt for flouriſhing; if wee are true Chriſtians, wee are both ſides alike.

Goodneſſe doth not go by *yeeres*; many times you ſhall have that from a *Samuel* in his long coats, which you ſhall not have from a *Saul*, at forty

forty yeares old; and yet it is not *forwardnes* commends us, but *perseverance*: Some men, like some *fruits*, promise faire in the *blossome*, but wither ere they be *pluck'd*; others like some *graine*, lye long in the ground, but grow up the *taller*; it is dangerous to *deferre long*, but it is worse not to *hold out*. I will love and endevor *early* holinesse; yet it is better to *begin late*, than to have *done betimes*; there is a penny for him that comes at the *eleventh* houre: If thy *youth* have been *faulty*, it is comfort that

that thy *age* is *otherwise*. It is no disparagement to *have beene* wicked, but to *continue* so; who hath not bin overseene sometime? *Hee* was once a *Persecutor* that was after an *Apostle*. I will glorie, not that I have *never* done amisse, but that I am now *asham'd* of it.

As *promotion*, so *poverty*, is neither from the *East*, nor from the *West*, but from *God*. *Hee* hath said to every man, *Rule* thou here, or *worke* thou there, bee *this*, or *thus*. Why doe men *grudge* at their

their wants, when it is not *chance* but *providence*? It is lesse praise to be *honourable*, than to be content not to bee so: our happinesse is, not to *want* affliction, but to *beare* it. The lesse I *have*, the more I have to *come*: no *Lazarus* would change states with that *Diver*, who if he might but live *againe*, would bee *Lazarus* to choose.

Iob in his discription of man, sayes, *His dayes are as the dayes of an hireling*; now wee doe not hire men to be *idle*, but

to doe our businesses, our life is a long *day*, and this day hath many *houres*, and these houres have all *worke*; every man is a *day-labourer*, and must doe his *taske*, to have his *wages*. I doe not see the penny given to those that *stand* in the market place, but that *labor* in the vineyard: 'tis not for us to be *lookers* on, GOD and the holy Angels are *spectators*; wee must be *actors*, *doers*. I will be content to doe nothing but *labour* while I am *here*, that *hereafter* I may doe nothing but *rest*.

The

The food of the *soule*, as it is farre more excellent than that of the *body*, so it is farre more *dangerous*; for, where it *saves* not, it *kills*: How many (with *Esau*) have eaten themselves out of the *blessing* in this, and gone from *Gods* table, as *Baltazar* did from his *condemn'd men?* Not the *presence*, but the prepared-nesse makes the acceptance: to come, and not *worthilie*, is to bee more *bold* than *welcome*; it is all one to thee whether *God* have thy *roome*, or thy

company; if thou have not thy *garment*, thou art condemn'd in *both*; let others care only to *come*, my care shall bee to be *welcome*.

GOD is a *God* of *pure* eyes, and cannot behold *sinne*, and yet He continually beholds us that are altogether *sinful*. *Lord* how are webound to thy goodnesse, that onely thy *eye* is upon us, and not thy *hand*? That thou doest but take notice of our sinnes, and not take *vengeance* on them! If wee had any good nature in us,

us, if for nothing elſe, yet we would be *better*, becauſe thou art ſo good; and diſlike ſinne, not for our own ſakes, but thine.

GOD, ſaies the Heathen, hath *woollen* feet, but *iron* hands; yet He hath ſometimes *iron* feet, and *woollen* hands: where He would *correct*, and not in *wrath*, He makes a great *noyſe*, but doth little, only to *fright*, not *hurt* them: Where Hee will judge, and not correct, he treads *ſoftly*, but ſtrikes *home*, and is upon them ere they are aware; there is

love in His corrections, but there is wrath in His judgements. I will pray, *Correct mee, oh Lord, but not in thy furie, leſt I bee conſumed and brought to nothing.*

There is no living without *repenting*; for all ſins are againſt *God*, and all forgiveneſſe is from *God*; and there is no forgiveneſſe without repentance; ſo then without this thou canſt neither *live* comfortably, nor *dye* peaceably. I wil not preſently give *God* and my ſelfe over, becauſe I have ſinn'd;

sinn'd; but I will therefore neither give *God* over till He have forgiven my sinne; nor my selfe till I have *forgotten* it, or remember it with *detestation*.

I have seldome seene a rich man want friends, or a poore man enemies; though he have scarce to live, yet he is grudg'd his life, that hee takes up roome in the earth: these men make much of this, for it is all they have to trust to. I will grudge no man this *world*; it shal suffice mee there is ano-

ther to come, and that mine shall *beginne*, when *this* is ended. I will bee content to want this for a while, that I may enjoy the other for *ever*.

Holinesse is not *borne* with us, nor doth *grow* up with us: sometime, you shall see the *beare-head*, come short almost of the *long coats*. I will never regard how *long* I live, but how *well*; and rejoyce, not that I die an old Christian, but an old man in CHRIST.

Some

Some men draw *nigh* unto *God*, but with their *lips*, as *Judas* did; others draw nigh unto Him with their whole *bodie*, and will for outward complement come short of none: into their *sackcloath* with *Ahab*, and downe upon their face with *Saul*; they will die the death of the *Righteous* as well as any; if *wishes* will doe it; but their *heart* is not found. Not to draw nigh unto GOD at all, is open *rebellion*; to draw nigh unto GOD, and not all,

by *halves*, is secret *dissembling*; then onely do we come as we should, when wee come (like S. *Pauls* Sacrifice,) *our selves, our soules, and our bodies*: and thus if I draw nigh unto *God*, He wil draw nigh unto me.

If God only saw as we, there were no difference between holinesse in *jest*, and in good *earnest*. *Ahab* is in ashes as well as *Ninivie*; nay, what doth *Ninivie* more than *Ahab*, to the eye? What doe the *Apostles* more than the *Pharisees*, or *Iohns* disciples

ciples than theirs: they fast, pray, give: by the *out-side* wee cannot tell who serves God with his *bodie*, or with his *heart*: wee see they are *painted*, God onely sees they are *sepulchers*; wee see their *fairenesse*, but not their *rottennesse*; onely God which sees their *heart*, shall one day *unmaske* it, and as they have before been applauded for what they *seemed*, so they shall then be punish'd for what they *are*. If I have only the *rin'd*, the *out-side* of Christianity, and not the *butke*, I am sure to be cast o t:

our: what I can, I will so carry my selfe, as I may neither bee condemn'd for beeing worse than I should bee, or seeming better than I am.

There is no musicke like that of the *Word*, yet it is not lik'd; *we have piped unto you, and you have not danced*, was the complaint of *Christs* time: men have eares to heare, but not that; any musick but that of the *Cymbals*; any Harpe but *Davids*; any Bells but those of *Aaron*: they can heare others revil'd, or *God* pro-

phan'd,

phan'd, or themſelves ſooth'd; they have eares to their commendations, but not to their faults: the ſluggard hath his ears in his pocket; the drunkard hath his eares in his pot; the proud man hath no ears, but to his commendation; the covetous man hath no eares, but to his profit; the luxurious man hath no eares but to his pleaſure; there is no muſicke but in trumpets, nor in them but at banquets. But he that wil not heare now, ſhall one day cry and not be heard, and be forc'd to hear that heavy doome,

doome, *Depart from me, ye workers of iniquitie, into that lake where there is nothing but crying.*

It is ſtrange, no men would be ſicke, and yet ſome men will not bee well; for they take courſes to overthrow their health, as if *God* had nothing to doe but to waite on them: they are never well when thny are *well*, but when they are doing of *ill*; where the affliction is Gods, wee may challenge Him of helpe; where the diſeaſe is debauchnēs, He may challenge

lenge us of ſinne: when our ſickneſſe is His correction, it is comfortable; but when we need to be corrected for our ſickneſſe, it is fearefull: what *God* laies upon us, is to be borne, what men bring upon themſelves, is not to be anſwered; and if in mercy thou art delivered, *Goe and ſinne no more, leſt a worſe thing come unto thee.*

If weeds grow apace; wicked men, like *Ægyptian graſſhoppers*, lie in heaps, when the good, like *Noah* in his Arke, are two or three

three in a corner: our blessed *Saviour* (as Hee could never say otherwise) said true, The way had neede be wide that leadeth to destruction, for many there bee that finde it.

They must looke to *suffer*, that look to *reigne*; this world is *Gods* house of correction for His *Children*: wee must not think not to have crosses, wee must study to make the best of them. I will thinke of afflictions before they come, that when they come, I may bid

bid them welcom; while they tarrie, I will make ule of them; and when they go, I will take leave of them, onely as of an *Ague*, for a well day or two, but to come againe.

In *Heaven*, all veſſels ſhall be *full*, but none ſhal *runne over*; here on *earth* I ſee ſome runne over, and yet complain of *emptineſſe*; they have not *enough*, if they have not all: Thus I have ſeene ſome beaſts, not knowing when they were well, burſt with feeding: they had

had more than enough, if they could be content another ſhould have more than they; if they could but be leſſe envious, they would be leſſe covetous: all Veſſels beare not the ſame ſailes, thoſe do but ſpeed a *tall* Ship, wherewith a Bark is overborn: wee know not our owne ſtrength, ſubmit our ſelves to Him that doth: Hee that gives us all wee have, knowes we have all we ſhould have, and that if wee had more, wee would ſinke: that man that thinkes hee is never full, is never *thankfull*, Whe-

Whether I *abound*, or am *poore*, I will endevour but these two, to be *thankful*, and to be *content*.

Crosses are *harsh*, but they are the best *Physicke*; I know not whether *prosperity* have lost, or adversity recover'd more; none praies so heartily for His *daily bread*, as Hee that wants it: misery, like *Ionah's* fish, sends them to their prayers that never thought of GOD under their *goard*: it is pity faire weather should doe any harm: yet it is often seen, we euen adore those *Physicians*

ſicians in our ſickneſſe, which being recovered, wee onely ſalute with a complement; abundance makes many forget thoſe friends which want would make crouch to: how welcom ſhould that ſtate be, which makes us familiar with *God*? I will not, I may not wiſh for afflictions, nor meet them. I am good Chriſtian enough, if I can be content to be poore, and not deſirous. Our practice muſt be not to make much of croſſes, but to make *uſe* of them; yet I had rather endure a world of croſſes

crosses to come to *God*, than to be crossed in nothing in this world, and once *want him*: let my sinnes rather be *punished* than *forbid*: oh *God*, let my *hell* be *here*.

CHRIST hath many *followers*, but few disciples; GOD hath many creatures, but few sons. GODS flocke is a little one, one of a family, two of a tribe, like the Prophet *Esaiahs* tale Tree, here and there a berrie in the top of a bough: there are many of *Israel*, but few *Israelites*; many that have *Abraham* to

their

their father, but a few his childrē. Many that came out of his loines, but few that shall sit in his bosome. Goodnes goes not by multitude: thy many followers may shew thy greatnesse, not thy holinesse; the most are commonly the worst. How fondly then, how falsely do any boast of the truth of their religion by their multitude?

Every thing, we say, is the worse for wearing; it is true of the world, the older, the more *corrupt*: we are forewarn'd of

of the laſt daies, that they ſhall be notoriouſly wicked: the world did almoſt begin with ſinne, but it ſhall end (in a māner) with nothing but ſinne, and that in fire. Here's our comfort, the juſt are no part of the world.

If we had not knowne *ſinne*, we had not knowne *ſickneſs*, and now we know not how to be wel of our *ſickneſs*, but by Him againſt whom wee have ſinned; our health is from *God*, our ſickneſſe is from our ſelves: *Heale thy ſelfe*, is

is only for that Physician to whom it was upbraided, it is not *Saul* and his *witch*, or *Asa* and his *Physicians* can prevent death or a disease, without *God*; all is *originally* from him, yet *derivatively* by means. I will use the *one*, but I will *trust* onely the other; if wee are confident either *without* them, or *in* them, we presume.

Whilest we are here, we are in continual want of somewhat, either our *mindes* are *sicke*, or else our *bodies*, diseases or discontents. How should we

wee long for that place, where we shal enjoy nothing but *rest*, and want nothing but a *consummation* of our rest.

This world is a *lyer*, and he wil find it so, that serves it: *riches*, like their master, are full of deceit, promise that they have not. How many have we seene that have thought no joy but in abundance, have, after, ended their joy where they begin to abound, and at last envied the quiet rest and merry meales of their labourers? To *impatient*, *in-*

conſtant mindes, the *preſent* ſtate is ever cumberſome, and they would change thogh for a *worſe*; If wee can but make the beſt of our owne, and thinke our ſelves well, even when others thinke not ſo, wee are happy men. Why ſhould I think that grievous which *God* thinkes fit? If there were no *providence*, I would ſtruggle: but now it is hard *to kicke againſt the prickes*. Lord, be it unto thy ſervant according to thy will.

Pleaſures are *pleaſing*, but they are *vaniſhing*: the

the *Phariſees* were not ſo truly painted ſepulchers as theſe; *faire*, but *rotten*; fading nor onely *dying*, but *killing*. Like guilded *pills* (ſave that they are not *Phyſicke*) but ſmall, and il taſted; if they were either not *ſhort*, or but *ſweet*, there were ſome colour for loving them. But now they are not *laſting*, and yet *unſavory*: Why are we not ambitious of thoſe pleaſures which are beyond all time for *length*, and all conceit for *ſweetneſſe*!

Some men are afraid to

ſinne, becauſe they are afraid to *ſmart* for their ſinne, they would goe *on* in their ſinnes, if they could go *away* with them: it doth not ſo much trouble them to be *wicked*, as to be *tormented*, and their ſtudy is, not that they may not *provoke God*, but that they may run away from Him. Oh God, if we could run out of the world, we ſhould runfarther into thy *judgements*. Oh God, if we go downe into *hell*, thou art there, there is no running from the *puniſhment*, till from the *ſinne*.

All

All ſickneſſe is not of the *body*: every *leproſie* is not in the *skinne*, it were well for ſome men it were: every *ſinne* is a diſeaſe, our ſoules are no leſſe ſubject to infection, than our *bodies*; ſome are diſeas'd and do not *know* it, others are diſeas'd and doe not *care* for it: both caſes are hard, but the laſt is deſperat. To make light of ſin, and becauſe thy ſoule is ſicke even unto *death*, to ſay with the *Atheiſt* & *Epicure*, *Let us eat and drinke, for we muſt die*, is to ſhake hands with vengeance: He that will

not so much as *aske* to be heal'd, how justly shall he dye in his leprosie.

It is *strange*, but it is *ordinary*, to see every man greedy to continue this life, and not to procure a better: If the head doe but *ake*, strait to the *Prophet* with the Shunamite, to the *Physicians* with *Asa*: If they bee but talk'd to of *dying*, with *Ieroboam's* wife they run, and ride, and send; and as the Cripple to our Savior, pull downe the tiles to come at him; but in the matter of their *soule*, they

they are deafe to the diſeaſe: why are we not as induſtrious for *Heaven*, as for our *health*; and to live *ever*, as to live *long*? Alas! what is age without *goodneſſe*, but a fairer marke for *vengeance*? What is *Dives* the better to out-live LAZARVS, and at laſt dye and be *damn'd*? Let others trouble themſelves and the world, how to maintaine this *body*, my care ſhall bee how to *ſubject* it: whileſt I employ my ſoule only for the ſetting out of my fleſh, what am I elſe but a glorious ſlave?

Diſeaſes, though they were the fruit of *ſinne*, and brought upon us by our ſelves, yet they are not diſpos'd of amongſt us but by God, thy head doth not akebut with his leave, nor leave aking but with His helpe; it is from above both that wee are ſicke, and that wee are made whole; to whom ſhould I not only owe my life, but beſtow it, but to him of whom *I live and move.*

As it is rare in *extremities*, for men to remember God, but with *repining*; ſo

so it is hard in *prosperity*, to remember themselves and what they have receiv'd of *God*; we are apt to forget what we have bin, when we are chang'd for the better; *Pharaoh's* butler hath forgot he was a prisoner: it is too true, that too many love God for their owne sakes, either they are *poore*, and would be ras'd; or they are *sicke*, and would be heal'd; and like *beggars*, no sooner are they *serv'd* but they are gone. I may both love my *selfe*, and *God*, I may not love God for my selfe, I would not

love my ſelf but for that I am Gods, and I wil love God but for Himſelfe.

When I conſider the yeeres I have already lived, me thinkes they are *few*, but *evill*; evill not in reſpect of *affliction* alone, but of *ſin*, and I am found guilty: if I conſider the preſent, (if there be any *preſent*, when it is ever *paſsing*) I do but adde to my ſcore, and if I conſider the time to come (if I have any to come, *God* knowes) I do but add to the meaſure of my owne ſinnes, and *Gods* wrath to-

together with my yeers; ſince I muſt live, and cannot but ſinne, I will ſtudy how my ſinnes may not hinder me of a better life; firſt, I will *abhore them*, and then I will abhorre *my ſelfe* for them; and if I could not before break my heart of them, I will now breake it for them: *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe.*

To *every* one it ſhall *one* day be ſayd; *Give an account of thy ſtewardſhip, &c.* It is that which everie man ſhould tell him-

himselfe and one tel another, what the *Apostle* hath long since told us all, that we must all stand before the tribunall seate of Almighty GOD; the *righteous* thinks long of this day, and longs for it, because he is long since provided for it: the *wicked* thinkes it comes too fast, and yet thinkes not of it till it come, and when it is come, can think of nothing but *that*, and is stown'd with the thought of it: his pleasures which were never but *shadowes* (yet accounted reall) then appeare as they

they *were*, and not as they were *accounted*; and those *torments* which were ever thought but *shadowes*, *bug-beares*, then appeare as they are, and prove *reall*: the comparing of what he hath *enjoy'd*, with what he hath *lost*, and that little lesse than *nothing* of time which he hath liv'd, with the *eternitie* of torment, hee is to dye in, makes him curse the time of his birth, since there is a time of *death*, and another death beyond all *time*; so the *godly* and the *wicked* differ not more in their *lives*, than in their

deaths,

deaths, but moſt of al *after* death. Oh my *God!* as thou haſt made mee of the beſt ſort of creatures a *man*, and of the beſt of that ſort a *Chriſtian*; ſo let mee bee yet better, by beeing one of thoſe whom thou haſt ſorted for thy ſelfe; what am I better, if I am only *call'd* and not *choſen*.

All bookes are not alike eaſie; thoſe that are, are not all alike profitable; ſome would profit more, if they did but reliſh, others would reliſh better, if they were more pro-

profitable; he doth well that dothboth, *utile dulci*; I will neither drown my meat in ſauce, nor diſh it dry.

They are not the only robbers that breake houſes, guile is worſe theft than outrage: it is alike wicked to make wine of other mens grapes (as *Ahab* did of *Naboth's*) and to be drunk of our owne; hee that will have riches in ſpight of heaven ſhall have hell to boote.

The malicious man is his owne moth; that *God* is

is better to him than hee can expect, is nothing, whileſt He is better to others than He is to him: like *Gideon's* firſt miracle hee would have all the ground dry but his fleece: if *Cain's* ſacrifice miſcary, *Abel* muſt not be accepted and live: no man may bee either *greater* or better with ſafetie. I wil not looke at what I *have*, but what I *deſerve*, and I ſhal never thinke my owne little, or anothers too much: that is a *wicked* heart that would have all men *worſe* than it ſelfe, and *hates* all thoſe whom

others

others thinke better.

God is therfore bountiful to us, that we might be so to others; to feast those that cannot bid us againe, and to build for those that cannot lodge us againe, is the way to that marriage-feast, and those buildings, whose Builder & Maker is *God*. he alone hath the true use of wealth that receives it onely to disburse it: if men were their owne friends, they would make others so with this Mammon: why should the rust of that gold rise up in judge-

judgement against thee, the use of which will set thee with those that shall sit in judgement?

Persecution is the dore to happines, *Canaan* hath still the same way, a wilderneſſe; who can looke for heaven cheape, that sees his SAVIOVR bleeding? I may not afflict my selfe, yet I shall suspect my selfe without affliction; calmes are no lesse dangerous than stormes.

Some men doe not climbe, but vault into pre-

preferment at a leape; I know not their sleight, I mistrust their quickneſſe; few men were ever great and good in an instant. All the harme I wish theſe, is, that their early rising do them no harme they that are their owne brokers in theſe, are likely their owne theeves in better; and steale themſelves out of heaven.

Favours are more binding, but afflictions are more profitable; to have much is more glorie, but to be content with that we have is more victory; there

there is no conqueſt like that of our ſelves, no cõqueſt of our ſelves like that of want; it is a hard matter not to find poverty a burdẽ, or proſperity a ſnare: this religion obtains us, that if we are not *richer* than others, yet we are content to be poorer: he only hath enough that would have no more.

Our endevours are in vaine without Gods bleſſing, yet in vaine ſhall he challenge a bleſſing that endevors not; ſloth is no leſſe guilty than *covetouſneſſe*. I can doe nothing

thing without God, yet I will not looke God ſhall doe all.

The cauſe of all puniſhment is ſinne; and the end of all ſinne is puniſhment; Either preſent or to come. How then doe wee love to be puniſhed; and yet love to ſinne? if we could but beinnocent, we could not but be ſafe; while I am here I cannot but ſinne, but I hope to avoid the puniſhment through Him who hath borne both the puniſhment and the ſin.

Our

Our life is but a breath, at first God breath'd upon man the breath of life &c, And it is gone with a breath, if He breathupon us in displeasure wee die, for at the breath of His nostrills wee are all consum'd: since we doe not live, but by His leave, why doe we not live to His glorie? Oh God, I have not liv'd long, yet so much of my life as I have not liv'd to thee, I have liv'd too much; all I desire is, that as this life was thy gift to me, so it may be my gift to thee; I can

can afford God little, if not His owne.

All punishments are from the same hand, *Iobs* boyles are no lesse Gods finger than *Pharaohs*; but all are not with the same end; those are but chastnings upon some, that are judgements upon others. God strikes His own because He loves them, He strikes th'wicked because they love not Him; those he corrects, but these He executes: it is a signe He loves us when He strikes us, & if his strokes bring us to love him, we may brag with *David*, it is

good

good for us that we have beene afflicted.

God is all eare, and all eye, and all in all; grant, *Lord*, that as I am alwaies *seene* of thee, so I may be alwaies *heard* of thee: and may alwaies *heare* thee in thy *Word*, and contemplate thee in thy *workes*; that I may one day see as I am seene, and heare and be heard in that heavenly quire of *Hallelujahs*, *Glory, and power, and honour bee unto the Lambe, and to Him that sitteth on the Throne, for evermore*, Amen.

FINIS.